

blue-tail fly^{25¢}

Number Seven



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The blue-tail fly is published monthly by blue-tail fly, inc.
at 210 W. Third Street, Lexington, Ky. 40507.

blue-tail fly

Vol. 1, No. 7

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tidings

fbi vs. btf

You might be interested to know that you are now reading a full-scale, come-of-age, big league underground newspaper. That's because the FBI has decided the btf is worthy of its valuable attention.

The Federal Bureau of Intimidation recently visited one of the *fly's* Louisville distributors and asked to be notified the next time the paper came out. An agent told the store owner that the fbi was "keeping an eye on the Left in Lexington."

This visit intimidated the store owner into refusing to accept any more copies of the btf for selling because he didn't want to become involved with the fbi.

This is only the most recent example that has come to light of the fbi's activities in Louisville. Last November, during the big Moratorium march on Washington, the fbi guys tried to intimidate people leaving Louisville in a specially chartered bus.

The *Louisville Times* reported that fbi agents at the bus station attempted to procure names and pictures of the march participants from its newsmen. Happily, the newsmen refused.

What was never reported, however, is that the fbi did manage to obtain the names of some of the college students who went to the peaceful demonstration. It proceeded to call up administration officials that these students were members of SDS (a big crime) and successfully intimidated at least some of the administrators into turning over the students' private records for investigation.

One student who learned this procedure had been taken against him was not only not a member of SDS, but he didn't even know anyone who was. Still, the college turned over his records on this false (and groundless) pretext.

As bad as domestic surveillance already is, the Nixon administration has admitted to being in the process of formulating even more totalitarian measures to deal with the growing dissent. It appears that we're about to witness a modern-day miracle: the resurrection of Joe McCarthy.

Nixon administration officials are already on the brink of panic.

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference if the war and racism ended overnight," one high-level aide has been quoted as saying. "We're dealing with the criminal mind, with people who have snapped for some reason."

Abortion reform victory in N.Y.

NEW YORK (LNS)—New York's abortion reform bill passed in the State Senate Friday, April 10, a triumphant conclusion to a bitter four-year struggle to free New York women from the state's oppressive restrictions. The old law permitted abortions only to save the life of the mother.

The bill passed easily in the Senate, after it barely escaped defeat the day before in the Assembly. On Thursday, as the Speaker was about to announce after role call that the bill had not passed, Assemblyman George M. Michaels rose to change his vote from "no" to "yes."

"I realize, Mr. Speaker," Michaels said, "that I am terminating my political career, but I cannot in good conscience sit here and allow my vote to be the one that defeats this bill." Michaels represents a heavily Catholic constituency, and the church in recent weeks has mounted a fierce anti-reform campaign from its Sunday pulpits, denouncing supporters of the bill as "murderers."

Black Assemblyman Charles Rangel, a Catholic who voted for reform, was angry at the church's vituperation. He told reporters that he had been denounced by his church in the parish newspaper because he had "acted improperly." "I am hurt and disappointed," Rangel said, "that the church did not act when we tried to stop the welfare cutbacks, or get decent housing, or get basic health care and hot water for our people."

When Michaels re-cast his deciding vote he told the Assembly sobbing "My own son, my own son called me a whore for voting against this bill. And my other son begged me not to let my vote be the one that defeated the bill."

The new legislation permits abortions up to the 24th week of pregnancy. New York becomes the second state (Maryland was first) to permit virtually restriction-free abortions. Neither the Maryland nor New York reform bills require state residency to obtain abortions—Hawaii's liberalized law does have such a requirement.

Air pollution and your car

By FREDERICK JURGEN
College Press Service

(CPS)—Air pollution is like the weather—everyone talks about it, but no one does anything about it. What can you do about it? After all, it's those giant factory smokestacks that make our air dirty.

Let's take an imaginary ride in the family car (in a recent survey, most Americans indicate that their favorite form of recreation was riding in their car). We're driving the latest Detroit creation for the insecure American male. 5000 pounds of polished machinery

driven by the most perfect internal combustion engine that man has learned to build; four hundred cubic inches of throbbing sexual adequacy, a steel and plastic embodiment of America's achievements. We can go 125 miles per hour if we want to! Think of the danger, the excitement! Anybody who can afford dollar a pound for a two-ton lump of steel and chrome can lead the "good life", can "move up", be a "swinger", or get a "piece of action"—it's the American Dream.

The automobile is responsible for sixty per cent of the air pollution in the United States (*Environment Magazine*, October 1969). The internal combustion engine is a grossly inefficient machine. At best it uses 25% of the energy of combustion for mechanical power, the remainder is given off as heat. The next time you put four dollars worth of gas in your tank consider the fact that only one dollar's worth of that gas is being used to drive your car, the other three dollar's worth is merely heating up your engine and the air around it. Of course the oil companies and state government are still collecting those three dollars.

The internal combustion engine liberates various poisons as by-products of the burning of gasoline. Some of the more familiar ones are: carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, nitrogen oxides and lead. In 1967 the government spent 3.2 million dollars on research on emission controls for the internal combustion engine and only \$115,000 on research for low-emission alternatives to it. A clear-cut case of treating the symptoms, but not the disease.

There are engines in existence now which emit a tiny fraction of the noxious material which are released by even a controlled internal combustion engine.

Their engines are of two general types: steam and electrical.

The electric engine is no real solution to the problem since the power to charge these batteries must be produced at a generating plant which produces the pollution instead of leaving it for the engine to produce. Also the electric engine emits significant amounts of ozone, a dangerous pollutant in its own right.

The steam engines pioneered by William Lear seem to be the bright spot in the future of clean air. They are a vast improvement of the old Stanly Steamer type of engine which was actually quite a good engine.

If the government was serious about pollution control, it would seem logical that it require the auto industry to research and develop an alternative to the internal combustion engine. At present none of the big three car makers are doing any research in this area. They are, however, spending large sums to fight anti-trust suits over their production of emission-control devices. Presumably it would be tremendously expensive to re-tool the factories, so we're stuck with the ecologically obsolete engine as our only choice when buying a car.

If everyone drove a car that got 30 miles to the gallon instead of 15, we could cut our automobile air pollution drastically and also help conserve our rapidly dwindling petroleum resources. (The oil companies, as self-appointed caretakers of a finite, non-renewable resource, would rather pump it all out today in preference of saving any of it for our grandchildren.) It is estimated by the Committee on Resources and Man of National Academy of Sciences that by the year 2010, forty years hence, 90% of the world's crude oil will have been used up. This is a conservative estimate and assures a diminished rate of use after 1980 due to scarcity.

Perhaps if everyone bought a Volkswagen for their next car instead of a domestic car, Detroit might be convinced that it was to their advantage to develop and market a low-emission engine. With the \$200.00 or so that each person saves (thereby fighting inflation) by not taking an ego trip on a gaudy pig, he could cure his inferiority complex with a good analyst rather than feed it.

Or, around the campus, one can ride a bicycle. The money saved on gas will pay for the bike, and the peddler will feel better for it, too.

Pentagon doubles aide to Greece

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—The Greek junta received \$26 million worth of surplus military equipment from the Pentagon, above and beyond the \$37 million already authorized by Congress for fiscal year 1969 it was learned today in a report leaked to Congressional circles here.

This extra \$26 million was granted in circumvention of the Congressional arms embargo imposed on Greece in 1967 as a response to the coup which overthrew the constitutional government of Prime Minister Papandreu and set up a right-wing military dictatorship in its place. The embargo, against "heavy" military items was never publically defined and the flow of arms and equipment has continued at levels considerably above those approved by Congress under the military assistance program.

The Administration, under pressure from the Defense Department, is considering cancelling the embargo altogether. Claiming that a Soviet build up in the eastern Mediterranean requires a more "solid" Greek regime, the Defense Department is pushing for total support for the Greek junta. The Defense Department puts Greece in the category of "forward defense countries" along with Taiwan, South Korea, and Turkey. All four of these nations share a similar background—they are all controlled by right wing military regimes which base their shaky existence on Defense Department "aid".

Some Congressmen, once again faced by the fact that the Pentagon makes foreign policy without their "help", reacted indignantly to the revelation. Senator Stephen Young of Ohio introduced a resolution requiring the Pentagon

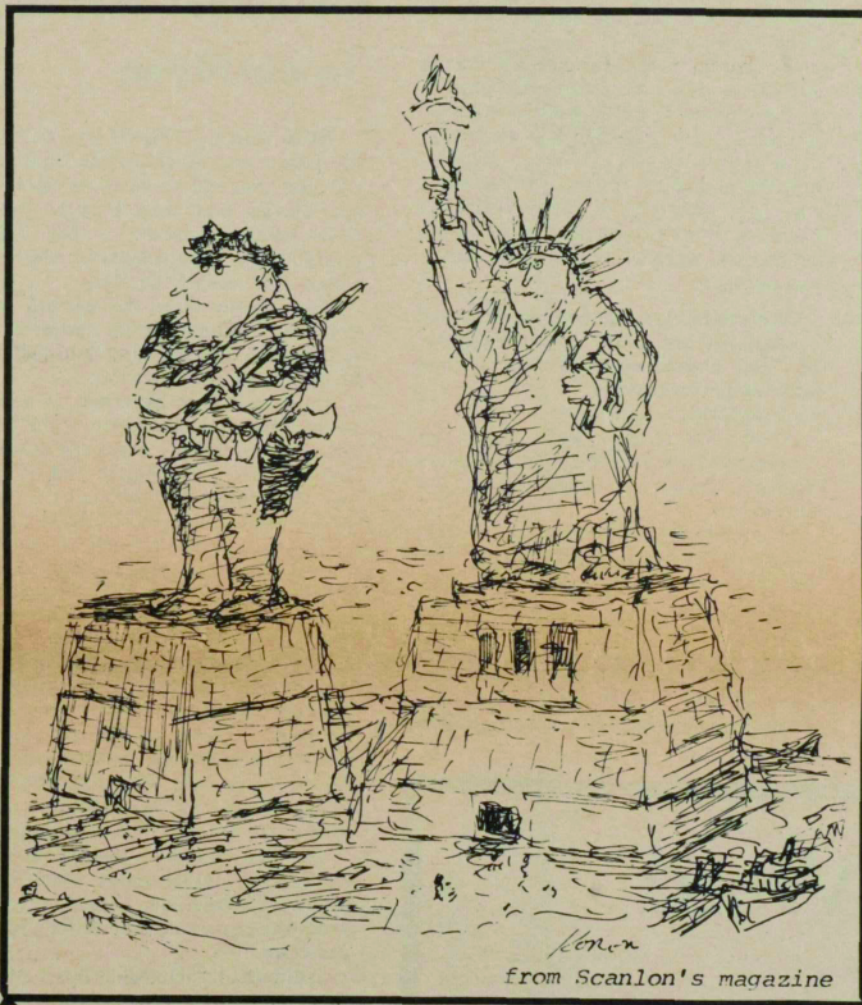
to make "complete and prior disclosure of all proposed disposals of surplus weapons." He added that Nationalist China (Taiwan) and Greece were countries where the Pentagon, "through the surplus disposal program, have been secretly subsidizing at least two tyrannical dictatorships."

Country Joe convicted

WORCESTER, MASS (CPS)—Country Joe McDonald has been convicted of being a "lewd lascivious, and wanton person in speech and behavior" by a local court here. He was fined \$500.

The action in question occurred during a concert last year given by Country Joe and the Fish. As they usually do before one of their numbers, the Fish led the crowd in a spell-out of the word "F*U*C*K." Although numerous concert attendees testified they weren't offended and hadn't had their prurient interest aroused, the court was unimpressed.

During the trial, a female spectator



from Scanlon's magazine

was informed she couldn't wear pants in the courtroom. So she went to the restroom, took them off, and reappeared with her coat covering nothing but panties from the waist down. That time the marshals let her in.

McDonald is appealing the sentence.

STATEMENT BY COUNTRY JOE MCDONALD

on the occasion of being charged (under a 1783 statute), with being "a lewd, lascivious and wanton person in speech and behavior." Charges preferred by the District Attorney of Worcester County, Massachusetts, March 18, 1970.

I would like to explain to you exactly what it is that we are being charged with doing. At a certain point in the set, usually towards the end of the show, we do a song which is a protest against the war in Vietnam. It's a very popular song among the underground. Almost everyone in the underground knows the song, and before we do it, we spell a word. We used to spell FISH—we used to say, "Give me an 'F'—the audience would say, 'F'; we used to say, 'Give me an 'I'—the audience would say, 'I'; 'Give me an 'S'—the audience would say 'S'; Give me an 'H'—the audience would say 'H', and then someone would yell, "What does that spell?"—and they would say, "FISH", and then we would play the song, which is called "I Feel Like I'm Fixing to Die Rag".

We got tired of spelling fish, and at one point we started spelling out another

four-letter word which begins with "F". And the audience seem to enjoy it even more than saying, "FISH". As a matter of fact, the thing caught on so much that at several performances we would spell "FISH", but the audience would respond with the contested four-letter word, which begins with "F".

A warrant was issued for my arrest (after the concert in Worcester—ed.), and I assume they did that because I am the leader of the group. But in actuality, everyone in that audience and the band participated in the act. Actually, maybe everyone who was there should be cited—I don't know.

It is surprising to me that a time when all man's energy should be focused towards solving the important issues, like problems of war, poverty, unemployment and education, that the establishment tries to focus in on very small unimportant issues such as the length of people's hair and the words that they use. This whole issue is a nickel-dime issue, and just an excuse for the establishment to harass myself, the band and the audience in Worcester. I think it is pretty clear to all the audience that the older generation has disqualified itself from any right to super-

vise the activities of young people, or to supervise the activities of rock-and-roll bands and youngsters when they do something together. Rock bands like ours are perfectly capable of leading a gathering of teenagers at our concerts, and the audience is perfectly able to take care of itself.

Down on the plantation

BIRMINGHAM, Ala (LNS)—There is only one fourth grade history textbook recommended for use in Alabama public schools. It goes like this:

"Now we come to one of the happiest ways of life in Alabama before the Wars between the States. This is life as it was lived on the big plantations. . . . The owners raised thousands of bales of cotton on the big plantations with Negro slaves to help with the work. . . . As you ride up beside the Negroes in the field they stop working long enough to look up, tip their hats and say, 'Good morning, Master John.' You like the friendly way they speak and smile; they show bright rows of white teeth.

"How's it coming, Sam?' your father asks one of the old Negroes, 'Fine, marse Tom, jes fine. We got more cotton than we can pick.' Then Sam chuckles to himself and goes back to picking fast as he can."

Had enough? So have a small group of

black parents in Alabama who have startled school officials by lodging a complaint against the racist text.

New paper for Louisville

A new bi-weekly, The Louisville Free Press, is scheduled to hit the streets May 7.

The Free Press is intended to become more than just a newspaper.

Gary Hume, who is organizing the paper, says he hopes the Free Press will be able to generate such community-oriented programs as rock festivals, 24-hour child care centers, a free breakfast program, an emergency relief fund and summer activities for underprivileged kids. To accomplish these ends the Free Press will be registered as a nonprofit corporation with the "profits" being used to organize these programs.

"The logical extension of the underground newspaper is to be an action group for the community," Gary says.

Actually, however, he rejects the term "underground" because "the 'underground' is no longer a sub-culture—it has become a counter-culture." The Free Press will attempt to operate on that basis in the fullest sense.

One of the paper's specific aims will be to broaden the acceptance of the counter-culture. "The counter-culture needs newspapers acceptable to the average student," Gary says.

The paper already is pretty well together, but is still looking for more workers. You can contact the paper at its office at 1438 South First St. or call 636-1773.

Being Black at the Gridiron Club

By ROGER WILKINS

WASHINGTON (CPS)—The guests (at the Gridiron Club Banquet) are generally grateful and gracious. But the event's importance is beyond the structure of graciousness because it shows the most powerful elements of the nation's daily press and all elements of the nation's government locked in a symbiotic embrace. The rich and the powerful in jest tell many truths about themselves and their country. I don't feel very gracious about what they told me. . . .

One think quickly became clear about those faces. Apart from Walter Washington—who, I suppose, as Mayor had to be invited—mine was the only face in a crowd of some 500 that was not white. There were no Indians, there were no Puerto Ricans, there were no Mexican-Americans. There were just the Major and me. . . .

But it was not the people so much who shaped the evening. It was the humor amidst that pervasive whiteness about what was going on in this country these days that gave the evening its form and substance. There were many jokes about the "Southern strategy." White people have funny senses of humor. Some of them found something to laugh about in the Southern strategy. Black people don't think its funny at all. That strategy hits men where they live—in their hopes for themselves and their dreams for their children. We find it sinister and frightening. . . .

There was a joke about amendments to the constitution (so what if we rescind the First Amendment, there'll still be 25 left), and about repression (you stop bugging me, I'll stop bugging you), and there were warm, almost admiring jokes about the lady who despises "liberal Communists" and thinks something like the Russian Revolution occurred in Washington on November 15. There was applause—explosive and prolonged—for Judge Clement Haynsworth and Julius Hoffman (the largest hands of the evening by my reckoning). . . .

And when it came to the end the President and Vice President of the United States, in an act they had consciously worked up, put on a Mr. Bones routine about the Southern Strategy with the biggest boffo coming as the Vice President affected a deep Southern accent. And then they played their duets, the President playing his songs, the Vice President playing "Dixie," the whole

thing climaxed by "God Bless America" and "Auld Lang Syne." The crowd ate it up. They roared. As they roared I thought that after our black decade of imploring, suing, marching, rebelling, lobbying, singing, praying, and dying we had come to this: a Vice Presidential Dixie with the President as his straight man

Roger Wilkins, former Assistant Attorney General who is now with the Ford Foundation, wrote the above for the Washington Post.

Reagan's ready

YOSEMITE, CALIF. (LNS)—Ronald Reagan has called for a "bloodbath" to silence student revolutionaries. He made the remark here April 8 during a campaign speech before the Council of California Growers. In answering questions from the floor Reagan said he doesn't think campus militants are interested in solving problems and called them "part and parcel of revolution." He added, "If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement."

"BLOODBATH" wouldn't look too good in the California headlines. Later Reagan's press Secretary told reporters, "He wasn't even aware he said it."

Faculty liberalism

"Ten degrees to the left of center in good times. Ten degrees to the right of center if it affects them personally."

Phil Ochs, on liberals.

WASHINGTON (CPS)—Most faculty members are liberals on off campus issues, but conservatives on matters that relate to their own positions, according to a study of 60,000 faculty members conducted by the Carnegie Commission on High Education.

The study, as reported by the Chronicle of Higher Education, shows that while a majority of the faculty members favor either immediate withdrawal or a coalition government in Vietnam, they take a very hard line when it comes to student demonstrations.

Not only do they disapprove of disrupters, with 76.1% agreeing strongly or with reservations that "students who disrupt the functioning of a college campus

should be expelled or suspended," but a near majority (46.8%) agree strongly or with reservations that "most campus demonstrations are created by far left groups trying to cause trouble." Ronald Reagan couldn't have said it better.

The study is currently being analyzed by Professors Seymour Lipset, Martin Trow, and Everett Ladd.

The American professoriate, said Ladd, "looks much more liberal than the general population or than other professional groups on national and international considerations. But when you shift to questions of campus demonstrations on educational change, where they are directly involved, you find a very marked shift in orientation.

"There is a striking and clear shift toward a more conservative attitude where the faculty's self interest is involved," he said.

82% of those responding to the survey were male, and 94.4% were white. 1.4% were black, and 1.7% were orientals.

By rank, full professors comprised 26.9% of the total; associate professors 22.1%; assistant professors; 28.8%; and instructors 13.8%.

Results show that most faculty members are unsympathetic to changes in the university which have been proposed in recent years.

By discipline, faculty members in humanities and social sciences appear to be more liberal than those in the sciences.

Over 30% of professors in sociology, anthropology, social work, and English support immediate Vietnam withdrawal, while less than 10% of the professors in Business, Home Economics, Physical Education, and Agriculture think we should pull out now.

Professors in the humanities and social sciences are also more likely to approve of "the emergence of radical student activism in recent years."

Some other results:

Over 44% of the faculty agree that "undergraduates known to use marijuana regularly should be suspended or dismissed."

The majority disagreed either strongly (48.3 per cent) or with reservations (29.3 per cent) that "undergraduate education would be improved if all courses were elective."

The majority disagreed either strongly (36 per cent) or with reservations (30.1 per cent) that "undergraduate education would be improved if grades were abolished."

On the other hand, the majority agreed either strongly (23.5 per cent) that "undergraduate education would be improved if course work were more relevant to contemporary life and problems."

Nearly half the faculty members agreed that "most American colleges reward conformity and crush student creativity."

More than 70 per cent of the faculty members said they considered themselves intellectuals.

The majority disagreed that "most American colleges and universities are racist whether they mean it or not."

Less than half agreed that "more minority group undergraduates should be admitted here even if it means relaxing normal academic standards of admissions."

Almost three-quarters disagreed that "the normal academic requirements should be relaxed in appointing members of minority groups to the faculty here."

Almost 60 per cent disagreed that "the concentration of federal and foundation research grants in the big institutions is corrupting to the institutions and the men that get them."

Criminal minds in children

NEW YORK (LNS)—If you wanted to roll Easter eggs on the White House lawn this year you had to be under eight years old. The age limit used to be twelve, but those eight-to-twelveers... they can be pretty tough troublemakers, the White House staff recently decided.

Two weeks after the egg-roll edict, President Nixon's former personal physician discovered evil lurking in the minds of six-to-eight year olds too.

Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker, in a report to the National Commission of the Causes and Cure of Crime, urges the nation to find a "direct, immediate and effective way of tackling the problem by focussing on the criminal mind of the child."

The doctor recommends to the President that massive psychological testing be carried out on every child between the ages of six to eight to "expose delinquent character structure." Children who are not into easter-egg rolling but instead are possessed of "violent and homicidal tendencies" would be subject to "special treatment." Then, if the child-menaces are not satisfactorily turned into mush-heads, they will be channelled into camps where "group activities" will be conducted by government psychiatrists.

Dr. Hutschnecker himself has been accused of holding undue sway over the nation's First Patient. Similar accusations were made against Adolf Hitler's personal physician.

Although Dr. Hutschnecker's proposal does not say so, the kindergarten concentration-camp idea is obviously closely linked with a recent report from the capital claiming that the federal government plans to intensify its surveillance of left-wing groups and individuals.

It once was that the benevolent elite that runs America gave its errant children a second chance, and sought to woo radicals back into Society. But the Nixonites have decided that such efforts are futile, if that "criminal mind" is already forming back at Age Six. As one Nixon aide put it, reforming the criminal mind is like "turning off the radio in the middle of a ball game to try to change the score."

President Nixon takes the matter of infantile criminality as seriously as the matter of radical criminality—are not the two intertwined?—and sent Dr. Hutschnecker's memorandum along to Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Finch with a suggestion that several pilot programs be set up.

Not everyone has responded with warm smiles to the project. Dr. Edmond H. Valkart, chief executive of the American Sociological Association, commented, "These tests can't distinguish. If Michaelangelo had been tested at age six, they'd probably have killed him."

James Wechsler, liberal columnist for the New York Post, mulling over the Hutschnecker Plan, came up with a scenario for President Nixon's official announcement when the Plan goes nationwide:

"I know that what I am about to

propose will not be popular with some of our children from the ages of 6 through 8. But I must take that risk for the nation's protection, and I am sure that the great majority of those in the age group affected will feel a greater sense of security once they have passed the test. And the minority who fail—and I am sure it will be a small minority—will one day realize that what we have done was best for them as well as for the country

"I know some demagogues will accuse me of prejudice against this particular age group. Nothing could be further from the truth. Some of my closest friends are under 9, and I trust they will remain my friends regardless of whether they are pronounced normal when their minds are examined. But let me make one thing perfectly clear: whatever opposition I may face among 6- and 7- and even 8-year olds, I will not be intimidated. And I repeat this assurance: no healthy-minded, clean-living, average boy—or girl—has anything to fear from this program. . ."

Happy Trails

This here's the last issue of the fly you'll be seeing until late August/early September. Because of financial deficiencies (on the part of both blue-tail fly, inc. and staff members), we have to break until then, when we hope to get it on to a more solid footing. Which means conquering two basic problems: distribution and advertising. We need more of both. Hopefully, we will have a couple of people working for the fly full time beginning in the fall. That will be a new wrinkle and it should help us solve the two problems mentioned above and also get us onto a steady publication schedule. If all goes well we should be able to continue on a monthly basis. If all goes extremely well, perhaps we'll be able to make it twice-monthly.

Note: If you will be changing your address between now and the end of the summer, be sure to send us a change-of-address card (which is preferable to a letter—unless you want to talk a bit, in that case, send a letter). For the time being, our address is still 210 W. Third/Lexington 40507. Should that change over the summer, we'll have the post office channel our mail to the proper place.

In retrospect: This is the seventh issue of the fly. When we put the first issue together last October, we weren't exactly thinking about getting to this point; we were trying to figure out how to get out the November issue. As the Big Coach might put it, "We take 'em as they come." At times it was quite a hassle keeping things at least near the surface. And there were some other problems, most of them coming in the last month. Our printer (The Georgetown News in Georgetown, Ky.), who had given us trouble on several previous occasions, refused to print out last edition. He had previously told us he would—would—print a "dirty" paper. "I'll print all the dirty words and pictures you want," said he. "BUT I WON'T PRINT FILTH." Which, when translated, means politics. The wrong kind of politics—from his standpoint, anyway. Going by those definitions, says we, "filth" is what we want to print. And so it came to pass that our five-month relationship with the Georgetown News was terminated. Then, we had to struggle to find another printer. We got so desperate that we even tried to get the fly printed in an All-American city (Danville, Ky.). The man there wanted to know if there was any ob-SCENE-ity in this here paper. Not by our standards or the standards of any court, we replied. What's that word right there? asks he. Fuck, says we. Can't help you, concludes he. Finally we found a printer in mid-Indiana (we've tried in vain in both Louisville and Cincinnati) and while it's an 11-hour round trip between there and here, the people are friendly and the printing quality is very good. Then there was the problem of the theft of our rack of papers in the UK Student Center. They took the rack and all. Worth about \$50 papers included. ROTC boys, according to the grape vine. But, all things considering (such as the harassment visited upon our borthers and sisters at Houston's Space City), things ain't so bad. After all, here we are—and there you are. Jimmy crack corn.

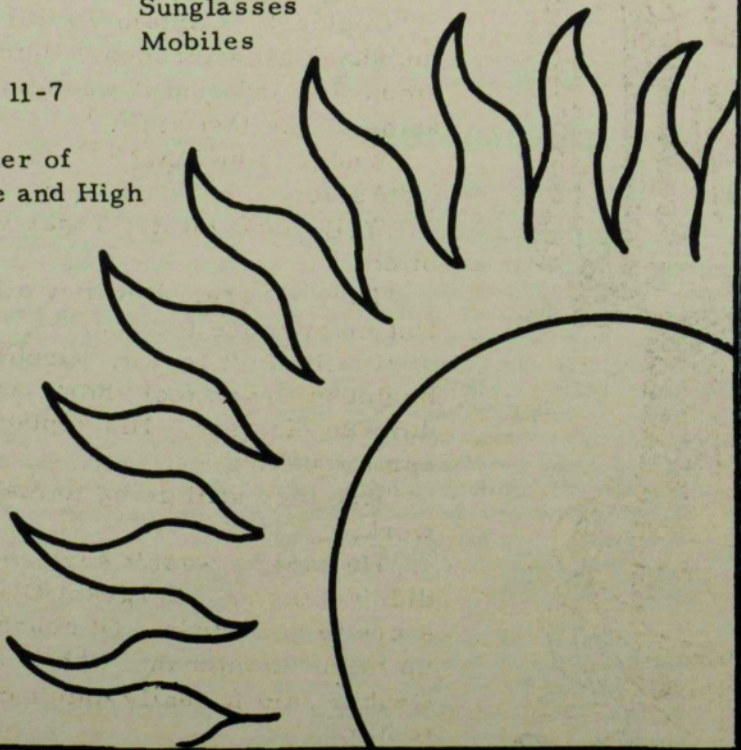
And to quote from our favorite tune: "Happy Trails—to you, un-til—we meet—again . . ."

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the Naked and the Drugged

By RICK ROSE

About 300 meters from the main entrance to the headquarters complex at Long Binh, Vietnam, at the side of an often traveled paved road, sits a nine-year-old boy named Cao. He wears a bright red baseball cap, for he knows that newcomers have been told by the more experienced to watch for the boy wearing that hat. He relaxes beside a United States intrenching tool designed for digging foxholes and temporary cat-hole latrines. He is waiting for his customers, who sometimes number over fifty per day.

As a jeep appears over the rise of the hill, he rises and looks inquiringly at the occupants as they slowly cruise toward him. As the jeep passes Cao, he nods to acknowledge that he has seen the three fingers flashed by the driver. Picking up the shovel, he vanishes into the thick underbrush at the side of the road, where MP's (who want to go home as badly as everyone else) are not likely to follow. In two or three minutes he emerges to await the vehicle once more, the jeep which did not stop, but which instead continued another 200 meters before turning around to head back. The transaction is momentary and impersonal; a quick exchange of three one-hundred piaster notes, or three one-dollar bills in Military Payment Certificates (far more valuable on the market) for three packages of Kent cigarettes. The packages have been carefully rewrapped and appear on the outside as new. Each contains twenty joints; the original paper plus the micronite filter surround the marijuana which has only recently replaced the tobacco (now being sold in small bags to itinerant Vietnamese laborers on the other side of the highway). No words are spoken, and the jeep moves on after stopping only long enough to require shifting into first gear...

It comes as little surprise to Miss Vuong Thi Hong that a G.I. stands at her register counter at the PX waiting to purchase not one, but three plastic soap dishes. They cost only a dime and are so useful in keeping the rain off of things stored outside in the weeds or behind the sandbags lining the buildings.

At dusk the G.I.'s begin to slowly filter out of the dining hall, alone or in small groups, well-fed and tired after a twelve hour work-day, but eagerly aware that the next ten or twelve hours are theirs, within understood limits. There is a band at the club, perhaps with a dark-eyed stripper from the Philippines. Beer only costs 15 cents a can, and today it had been hot beyond description. The band will play "I Want to go Home," "Knock on

Wood," "To Sir with Love," "My Girl," "Long Tall Texan," "Stars Fell on Alabama"--the same as always, but maybe, just maybe, that girl will take off all her clothes and really grind on the floor, providing refreshing memories for at least a few hours later, out there in the darkness. And there is a movie, a spy movie, with some skin. Alert status is White, no sight-

ings, and all artillery sounds are outgoing.

The First Sergeant watches them move off in various directions, mentally keeping track of new associations and carefully assessing the mood of the blacks. He has only three more years until retirement to the ponds and streams of Arkansas, and the nervousness about having one of these black bastards or one of these crazy pot-heads blow him away with a grenade has been on the increase lately, especially since the fighting had died down to a stand-still. But I know my troops, he thinks, they don't really hate me enough to kill me. I've studied them for years. But these niggers with their wristlets and these smart-assed pot-heads with their fairy beards... got to watch them, at least when it is light. Best stay away from their groups at night. Besides, they do their jobs, so I can't fuck with them too much. New modern Army. Shit.

The darkness is total, only sounds and smells remaining. A distant murmur of shellings. The rumble of heavy trucks carrying tanks of purified water to the kitchens and showers. The choppers on night perimeter observation. An occasional whoosh of a signal flare. Beer cans opening and hitting the gravel floor of the building used to shelter the troops watching the movie. And in every hootch, one of the twenty men living there has his sounds, the Beatles, or Johnny Cash on tape. The air is spoiled with gasoline odors, the unmistakable stench of burning shit and insecticide...

"Did you try any of the stuff yet?"

"Couldn't. Captain Taylor was in the shack all afternoon. Hutch smoked it and said it was about the same as the last stuff."

"Where is he now?"

"Asleep."

"Well, let's do it. Today was a bitch."

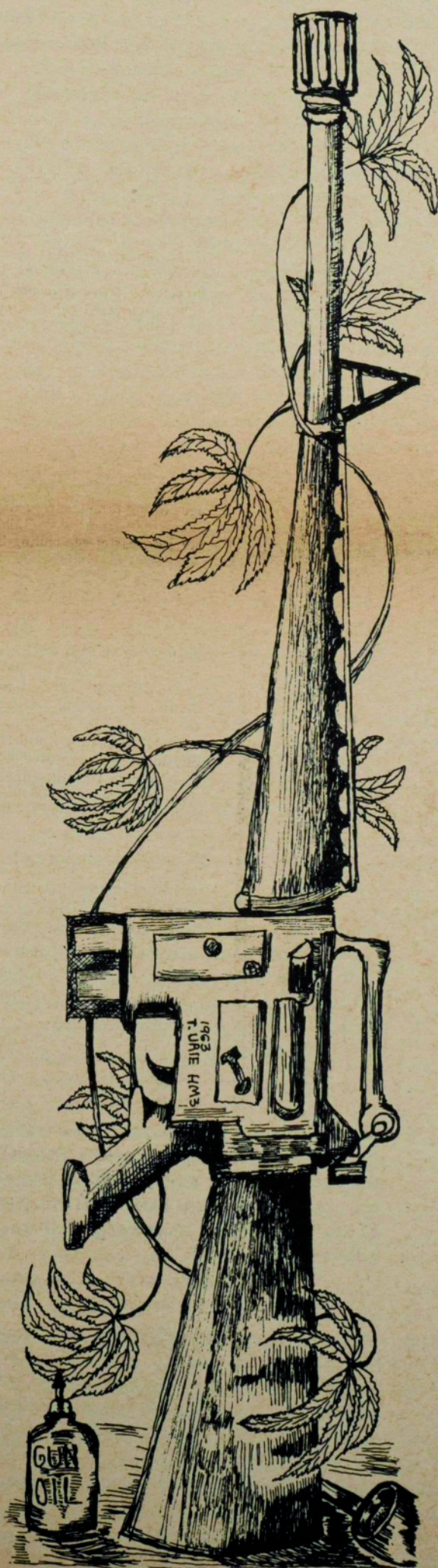
"They all are. But they all count. Not many more for you."

"I still don't feel it. Gruber said he doesn't even feel short, and he's down to eighteen. His replacement came today."

"Are they still going to make him work."

"He said he wasn't sure, but he didn't think so. Sergeant Clark is a pretty good dude. Of course, it's up to the Lieutenant, who is a prick. Gruber said it really didn't matter to him."

"Hey this stuff tastes different! Or else it was the pineapple on the ham."



"Mmmm, maybe. It's all about the same, we never have had any bad stuff."

"I wonder if they know."

"Sure, but they can't catch us."

"They probably don't even want to. We do our jobs OK. That's all they really have time to give a shit about."

"Anyhow, there are too many of us. Do you realize if they busted all the guys doing it in this company there wouldn't be anybody to empty the trash?"

"Yeah, I'm going to quit for a week or so, in a couple of days. Ryan did it and said it was pretty freaky. He said he did it every once in a while just to make sure."

"Yeah... of what?"

"Hmm?"

"Make sure of what?"

"What do you mean?"

"Man, you're spaced again. You said Ryan quit smoking to make sure, but you didn't say of what."

"Oh, yeah, well, he didn't say either. I guess that he wasn't hooked, or some shit, you know, not physically, but, uh---"

"Psychologically."

"Yeah, something like that. Anyhow he said it was freaky, but OK. He's a little weird anyway, you know."

"You got anything to eat?"

"Just some dried fruit, I think. I had some chocolate, but the house-girl must have got it. They eat anything they can find." Such is an average conversation, while smoking. Not much about signs of the Zodiac. No chantings, or group massage. Very little "Wow" and "Beautiful." No cosmos. No talk about the Army (which does not exist any more as a monolith), but only about individuals in it. Not much about politics. Less philosophical talk. (The point should be made here that smoking dope does not make a person a revolutionary; you can't tame the cops of the world by giving them grass.) Sex is seldom discussed, love hardly ever. The talk is about the drugs, and about the daily activities, which are so horribly repetitive, and so mentally stifling. When there is music, any new record or tape, all else is silent. It is difficult to talk about a full life, or the fullness of life, while not being allowed to live one.

It is hardly a secret, military or otherwise, that anywhere from 60 to 80 percent of the soldiers in Vietnam have at least sampled marijuana on more than one occasion during the tour. Marijuana grows freely and is transmitted through the economics of Vietnam with rapidity to reach the big spender, the enlisted man. Its price is anywhere from one-tenth to one-twentieth the stateside rates. There are many other drugs in circulation, the common varieties of speed, even some hard drugs in Saigon and other heavily populated areas. But primarily it is pot. With it comes the nostalgia

of the free life, the rush in the morning, which is far preferable to the hangovers experienced by the juicers.

Why do G.I.'s use marijuana? Well, why does anyone? Ninety percent of the soldiers in Vietnam are non-combatant and almost no one who is a combat soldier fights every day, and certainly not every hour. Tremendous spaces of time in which there is little to do are commonplace. With the boredom comes anxiety, and the desire for tranquility becomes as much a need as the need for food. Vietnam is a humorless place; intoxication of some sort is a must. Beer is a bummer, and must be consumed on some pre-arranged premises (usually gathering places for red-necks who seem never happy unless drunk, obnoxious and as violent as possible).

In the course of the last year I discussed the marijuana issue (the Army prefers the phrase "marijuana problem") with numerous supervisory authorities, from sergeants to colonels. No one is totally aware of the widespread use of pot, yet no one is totally unaware of all aspects. The Army in Vietnam has a drug suppression program, which had formerly been intensely oriented toward detection and prosecution, but that has largely been abandoned as unfeasible. Education is now the thrust, and the reasoning is somewhat as follows:

1. Marijuana affects different people in different ways. (Note the acknowledgement that people are different from one another. This admission is not often made by military people)
2. Vietnam is a combat zone. (Hardly disputable, but then again, not always true in all places at all times)
3. The safety of yourself, and the safety of your "buddies" (right) depends upon your operating at maximum efficiency with all your mental faculties as keen as possible at all times. (This explains the beer halls, does it?)
4. If you smoke marijuana, you endanger your self and those who depend on your fighting ability (The Generals, usually), and YOU MIGHT DIE. (This argument generally has some adherents.)
5. You students who wish to go on into life without damaging your record could be seriously hampered if caught and court-martialed for use of drugs. (Very little emphasis upon the possibility of going to jail in Vietnam, for almost all troops are aware that first offenders for drugs NEVER serve any bad time, but get

suspended sentences in all cases, by orders of Army Headquarters at Long Binh, and second offenders are in almost all cases eliminated from the Army as being "unfit" under Army Regulation 635-212. Many troops have admitted to getting themselves caught intentionally, to receive that trip home, and to hell with the G.I. benefits.)

The Army does not have a very good argument, as is characteristic, and there is hardly a doubt that the drug usage in Vietnam and in other theaters is on the increase. The soldier who does like his daily duties can expect very little hassle about drugs and can be almost frank about admitting use of drugs to his superiors, just so long as he does not attempt to inspire work slow-downs, or in any way organize the other men against the system. Many soldiers who might have worked more vigorously to educate the masses of troops as to the immorality of the war, or the cruelty and inefficiency of the military, have found themselves pleasantly pacified by the truly fine grass growing in the war zone, and were regarded by the Army as "good soldiers."

Rick Rose was a student in the UK Law School when he was drafted and sent to Vietnam. He just returned from a year's stay there.

Railroad Whorehouse
at Collierville, Tenn.

Its place on the square
is solid, undisputed
as the soldier boy

who stands with granite
squirrel gun and pigeon
shit face

to guard
the Confederate
dead.

In parlors
citizens complain
and have some bourbon.

It remains.

One year they painted it
yellow, and the courthouse itself
looked dull.

And here is a town
that would burn you alive
for loving one of its
daughters.

WALTER BROWN

Think Little

By Wendell Berry

First there was Civil Rights, and then there was The War, and now it is The Environment. The first two of this sequence of causes have already risen to the top of page one of the nation's consciousness, and declined somewhat, in a remarkably short time. I mention this in order to begin with what I believe to be an altogether justifiable skepticism. For it seems to me that the Civil Rights Movement and the Peace Movement, as popular causes in the electronic age, have partaken far too much of the nature of fads. Not for all, certainly, but for too many they have been the fashionable politics of the moment. As causes they have been undertaken too much in ignorance; they have been too much simplified; they have been powered too much by impatience and guilt of conscience and short-term enthusiasm, and too little by an authentic social vision and long-term conviction and deliberation. For most people those causes have remained almost entirely abstract; there has been too little personal involvement, too much involvement in organizations which were insisting that other organizations should do what was right.

There is considerable danger that the Environment Movement will have the same nature: that it will be a public cause, served by organizations that will self-righteously criticize and condemn other organizations, inflated for a while by a lot of public talk in the media, only to be replaced in its turn by another fashionable crisis. I hope that will not happen, and I believe that there are ways to keep it from happening, but I know that if this effort is carried on solely as a public cause--if millions of people cannot or will not undertake it as a private cause as well--then it is sure to happen. In five years the energy of our present concern will have petered out in a series of public gestures--an no doubt in a series of empty laws--and a great, and perhaps the last, human opportunity will have been lost.

It need not be that way. A better possibility is that the movement to preserve the environment will be seen to be, as I think it has to be, not a digression from the civil rights and peace movements, but the logical culmination of those movements. For I believe that the separation of these three problems is artificial. They have, it seems to me, the same cause, and that is the mentality of greed and exploitation. The mentality that exploits and destroys the natural environment is the same that abuses racial and economic minorities, that imposes on young men the tyranny of the military draft, that makes war against peasants and women and children with the indifference of technology. The mentality that destroys a watershed and then panics at the threat of flood is the same mentality that gives institutionalized insult to black people and then panics at the prospect of race riots. It is the same mentality that can mount deliberate warfare against a civilian population and then express moral shock at the logical consequence of such warfare at My Lai. We would be fools, in my opinion, to believe that we could solve any one of these problems without solving the others.

To me, one of the most important aspects of the environmental movement is that it brings us not just to another public crisis, but to a crisis of the protest movement itself. For the environmental crisis should

make it dramatically clear, as perhaps it has not always been before, that there is no public crisis that is not also private. To most advocates of civil rights racism has seemed mostly the fault of someone else. For most advocates of peace the war has been a remote reality, and the burden of the blame has seemed to rest mostly on the government. I am certain that these crises have been more private, and that we have each suffered more from them and been more responsible for them, than has been readily apparent, but the connections have been difficult for most of us to see. Racism and militarism have been institutionalized among us for too long for our personal involvement in those evils to be easily noticeable to us. Think, for example, of all the Northerners who assumed--until black people attempted to move into their neighborhoods--that racism was a Southern phenomenon. And think how quickly--one might almost say how naturally--among some of its members the peace movement has spawned policies of deliberate provocation and violence.

But the environmental crisis rises closer to home. Every time we draw a breath, every time we drink a glass of water, every time we eat a bite of food we are suffering from it. And more important, every time we indulge in, or depend on, the wastefulness of our economy--and our economy's first principle is waste--we are causing the crisis. Nearly every one of us, nearly every day of his life, is contributing directly to the ruin of this planet. A protest meeting on the issue of the environment is not a convocation of accusers, it is a convocation of the guilty. That realization ought to clear away the smog of self-righteousness that has almost conventionally hovered over these occasions, and let us see the work that is to be done.

In this crisis it is certain that every one of us has a public responsibility. We must not cease to bother the government and the other institutions, to see that they never become comfortable with easy promises. For myself, I want to say that I hope never again to go to Frankfort to present a petition to the governor on an issue so vital as that of strip mining, only to be dealt with by some ignorant functionary--as several of us were not so long ago, the governor himself being "too busy" to receive us. Next time I will go prepared to wait as long as necessary to see that the petitioners' complaints and their arguments are heard fully--and by the governor. And then I will hope to find ways to keep those complaints and arguments from being forgotten until something is done to relieve them. The time is clearly past when it was enough merely to elect our officials. I think we will have to elect them and then go and watch them and keep our hands on them, the way the coal companies do. We have made a tradition in Kentucky of putting self-servers, and worse, in charge of our vital interests. I am sick of it. And I think that one way to change it is to make Frankfort a less comfortable place. As I have said before, and intend to say again, I believe in American political principles, and I will not sit idly by and see those principles destroyed by sorry practice. I am ashamed and deeply distressed that American government should have become the chief cause of disillusionment with American principles.

This is the text of a speech given by poet/novelist/ professor Wendell Berry during Earth Day activities at the University of Kentucky.

And so when the government in Frankfort again proves too stupid or too blind or too corrupt to see the plain truth and to act with simple decency, I intend to be there, and I trust that I won't be alone. I hope, moreover, to be there, not with a sign or a slogan or a button, but with the facts and the arguments. A crowd whose discontent has risen no higher than the level of slogans is only a crowd. But a crowd that understands the reasons for its discontent and knows the remedies is a vital community, and it will have to be reckoned with. I would rather go before the government with two men who have a competent understand of an issue, and who therefore deserve a hearing, than to go with two thousand who are vaguely dissatisfied.

But even the most articulate public protest is not enough. We don't live in the government or in institutions or in our public utterances and acts, and the environmental crisis has its roots in our lives. By the same token, environmental health will also be rooted in our lives. That is, I take it, simply a fact, and in the light of it we can see how superficial and foolish we would be to think that we could correct what is wrong merely by tinkering with the institutional machinery. The changes that are required are fundamental changes in the way we are living.

What it seems to me that we are up against in this country, in any attempt to involve private responsibility, is that we have nearly destroyed private life. Our people have given up their independence in return mostly for the cheap seductions and the shoddy merchandise of so-called "affluence." We have delegated all our vital functions and responsibilities to salesmen and agents and bureaus and experts of all sorts. We cannot feed or clothe ourselves, or entertain ourselves, or communicate with each other, or be charitable or neighborly or loving, or even respect ourselves, without recourse to a merchant or a corporation or a public service organization or an agency of the government or a style-setter. Most of us cannot think of dissenting from the opinions or the actions of one organization without first forming a new organization. Individualism is going around these days in uniform, handing out the party line on individualism. Dissenters want to publish their personal opinions over a thousand signatures.

Confucius says that the "chief way for the production of wealth" (and he is talking about real goods, not money) is "that the producers be many and that the mere consumers be few..." But even in the much publicized rebellion of the young against the materialism of the affluent society, the consumer mentality is too often still intact: the standards of behavior are still those of kind and quantity, the security sought is still the security of numbers, and the chief motive is still the consumer's anxiety that one is missing out on what is "in." In this state of total consumerism--which is to say a state of helpless dependence on things and services and ideas and motives that we have forgotten how to provide ourselves--all meaningful contact between ourselves and the earth is broken. We do not understand the earth either in terms of what it offers us or what it requires of us, and I think it is the rule that people inevitably destroy what they do not understand. Most of us are not directly responsible for strip mining and extractive agriculture and other forms of environmental abuse. But we are guilty nevertheless, for we connive in them by our ignorance. We do not know enough about them; we do not have a particular enough sense of their damage. Most of us not only do not know how to produce the best food in the best way--we don't know how to produce any kind in any way. And for this condition we have elaborate rationalizations, instructing us that dependence for everything on somebody else is efficient and economical and a scientific miracle. I say, instead, that it is pure madness, mass produced. A man who understands the weather only in terms of golf is participating in a chronic public insanity that either he or his descendents

will be bound to realize as suffering. I believe that the death of the world is breeding in such minds much more certainly and much faster than in any political capital or atomic arsenal.

For an index of our loss of contact with the earth we need only to look at the condition of the American farmer--who must in our society, as in every society, enact man's dependence on the land, and his responsibility to it. In an age of unparalleled affluence and leisure, the American farmer is harder pressed and harder worked than ever before; his margin of profit is small, his hours long; his outlays for land and equipment and the expenses of maintenance and operation are growing rapidly greater; he cannot compete with industry for labor; he is being forced more and more to depend on the use of destructive chemicals and on the often wasteful methods of haste and anxiety. As a class, farmers are one of the despised minorities. So far as I can see farming is considered marginal or incidental to the economy of the country, and farmers, when they are thought of at all, are thought of as hicks and yokels, whose lives do not fit into the modern scene. The average American farmer is now an old man, whose sons have moved away to the cities. His knowledge, and his intimate connection with the land are about to be lost.

The small independent farmer is going the way of the small independent craftsmen and storekeepers. He is being forced off the land into the cities, his place taken by absentee owners, corporations, and machines. Some would justify all this in the name of efficiency. As I see it, it is an enormous social and economic and cultural blunder. For the small farmers who lived on their farms cared about their land. And given their established connection to their land--which was often hereditary and traditional as well as economic--they could have been encouraged to care for it more competently than they have so far. The corporations and machines that replace them will never be bound to the land by the sense of birthright and continuity and love which enforces care. They will be bound by the rule of efficiency which takes thought only of the volume of the year's produce, and takes no thought of the slow increment of the life of the land, not measurable in pounds or dollars, which will assure the livelihood and the health of the coming generations.

If we are to hope to correct our abuses of each other and of other races and of our land, and if our effort to correct these abuses is to be more than a political fad that will in the long run be only another form of abuse, then we are going to have to go far beyond public protest and political action. We are going to have to rebuild the substance and the integrity of private life in this country. We are going to have to gather up the fragments of knowledge and responsibility that we have parceled out to the bureaus and the corporations and the specialists, and we are going to have to put those fragments back together again in our own minds and in our families and households and neighborhoods. We need better government, no doubt about it. But we also need better minds, better friendships, better marriages, better communities. We need persons and households that do not need to wait upon organizations but who can make necessary changes in themselves, on their own.

For most of the history of this country our motto, implied or spoken, has been THINK BIG. I have come to believe that a better motto, and an essential one now, is THINK LITTLE. That implies the necessary change of thinking and feeling, and suggests the necessary work. Thinking Big has led us to the two biggest and cheapest political dodges of our time: plan-making and law-making. We have been carried away on the wings of great gold-plated political and economic generalizations. The lotuseaters of this era are in Washington D.C., Thinking Big. Somebody comes up with a problem, and somebody in the government comes up with a plan or a law. The result, mostly,

has been the persistence of the problem, and the enlargement and enrichment of the government.

But the discipline of thought is not generalization; it is detail, and it is personal action. While the government is "studying" and funding and organizing its Big Thought, nothing is being done. But the citizen who is willing to think little, and, accepting the discipline of that, to go ahead on his own, is already solving the problem. A man who is trying to live as a neighbor to his neighbors will have a lively and practical understanding of the work of peace and brotherhood, and--let there be no mistake about it--he is doing that work. A couple who make a good marriage, and raise healthy, morally-competent children are serving the world's future more directly and surely than any political leader, though they never utter a public word. A good farmer who is dealing with the problem of soil erosion on an acre of ground has a sounder grasp of that problem, and cares more about it, and is probably doing more to solve it than any bureaucrat who is talking about it in general. A man who is willing to undertake the discipline and the difficulty of mending his own ways is worth more to the conservation movement than a hundred who are insisting merely that the government and the industries mend their ways.

If you are concerned about the proliferation of trash, then by all means start an organization in your community to do something about it. But before--and while--you organize, pick up some cans and bottles yourself. That way, at least, you will assure yourself and others that you mean what you say. If you are concerned about air pollution, help push for government controls, but drive your car less, use less fuel in your home. If you are worried about the damming of wilderness rivers, join the Sierra Club, write to the government, but turn off the lights you're not using, don't install an air conditioner, don't be a sucker for electrical gadgets, don't waste water. In other words, if you are fearful of the destruction of the environment, then learn to quit being an environmental parasite. We all are, in one way or another, and the remedies are not always obvious, though they certainly will always be difficult. They require a new kind of life--harder, more laborious, poorer in luxuries and gadgets, but also, I am certain, richer in meaning and more abundant in real pleasure. To have a healthy environment we will all have to give up things we like; we may even have to give up things we have come to think of as necessities. But to be fearful of the disease and yet unwilling to pay for the cure is not just to be hypocritical; it is to be doomed. If you talk a good line without being changed by what you say, then you are not just hypocritical and doomed; you have become an agent of the disease. Consider, for an example, the President, who advertises his grave concern about the destruction of the environment, and who turns up the air conditioner to make it cool enough to build a fire.

Odd as I am sure it will appear to some, I can think of no better form of personal involvement in the cure of the environment than that of gardening. A person who is growing a garden, if he is growing it organically, is improving a piece of the world. He is producing something to eat, which makes him somewhat independent of the grocery business, but he is also enlarging, for himself, the meaning of food and the pleasure of eating. The food he grows will be fresher, more nutritious, less contaminated by poisons and preservatives and dyes. He is reducing the trash problem; a garden is not a disposable container, and it will digest and re-use its own wastes. If he enjoys working in his garden, then he is less dependent on an automobile or merchant for his pleasure. He is involving himself directly in the work of feeding people.

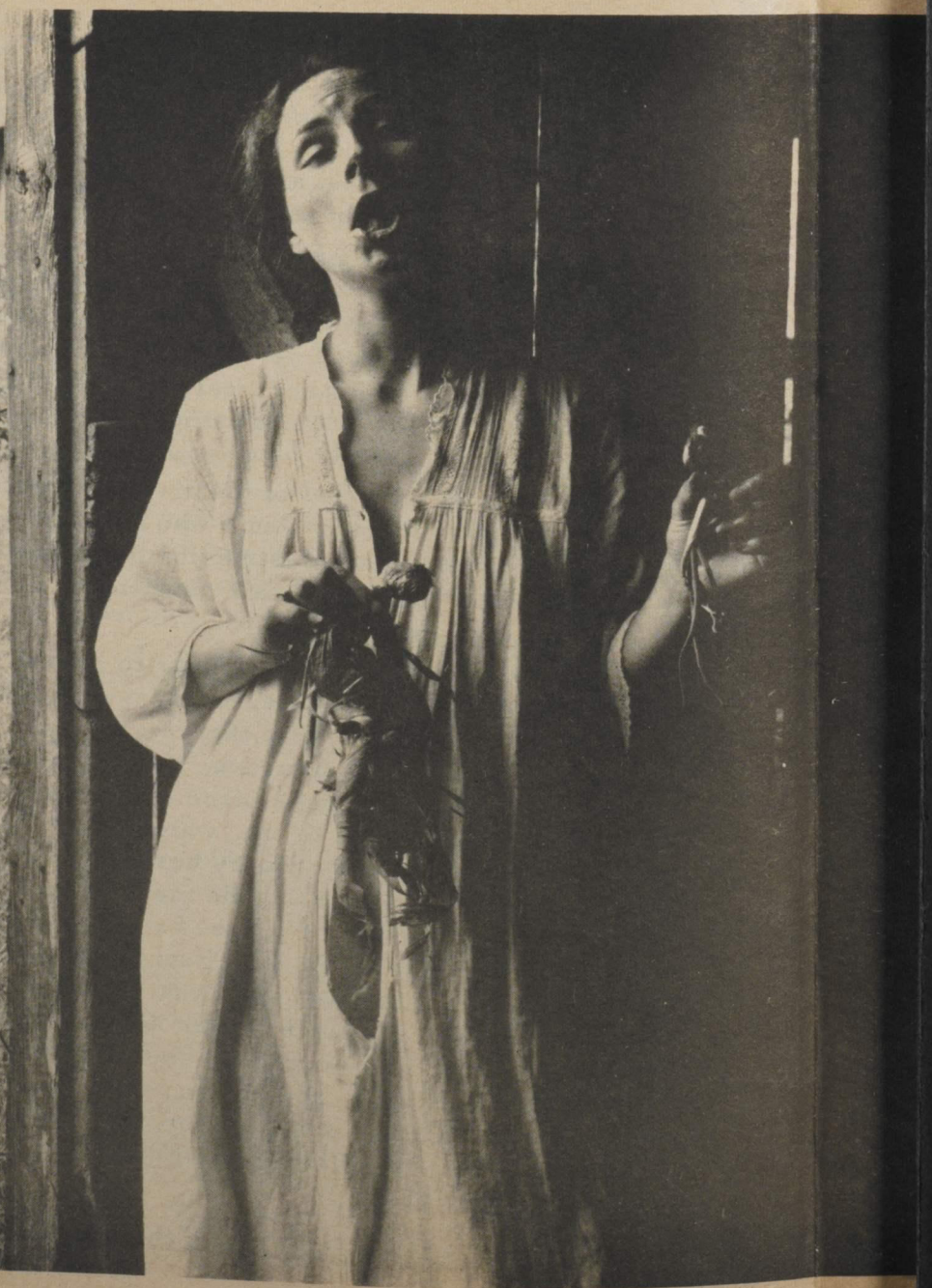
If you think I'm wandering off the subject, let

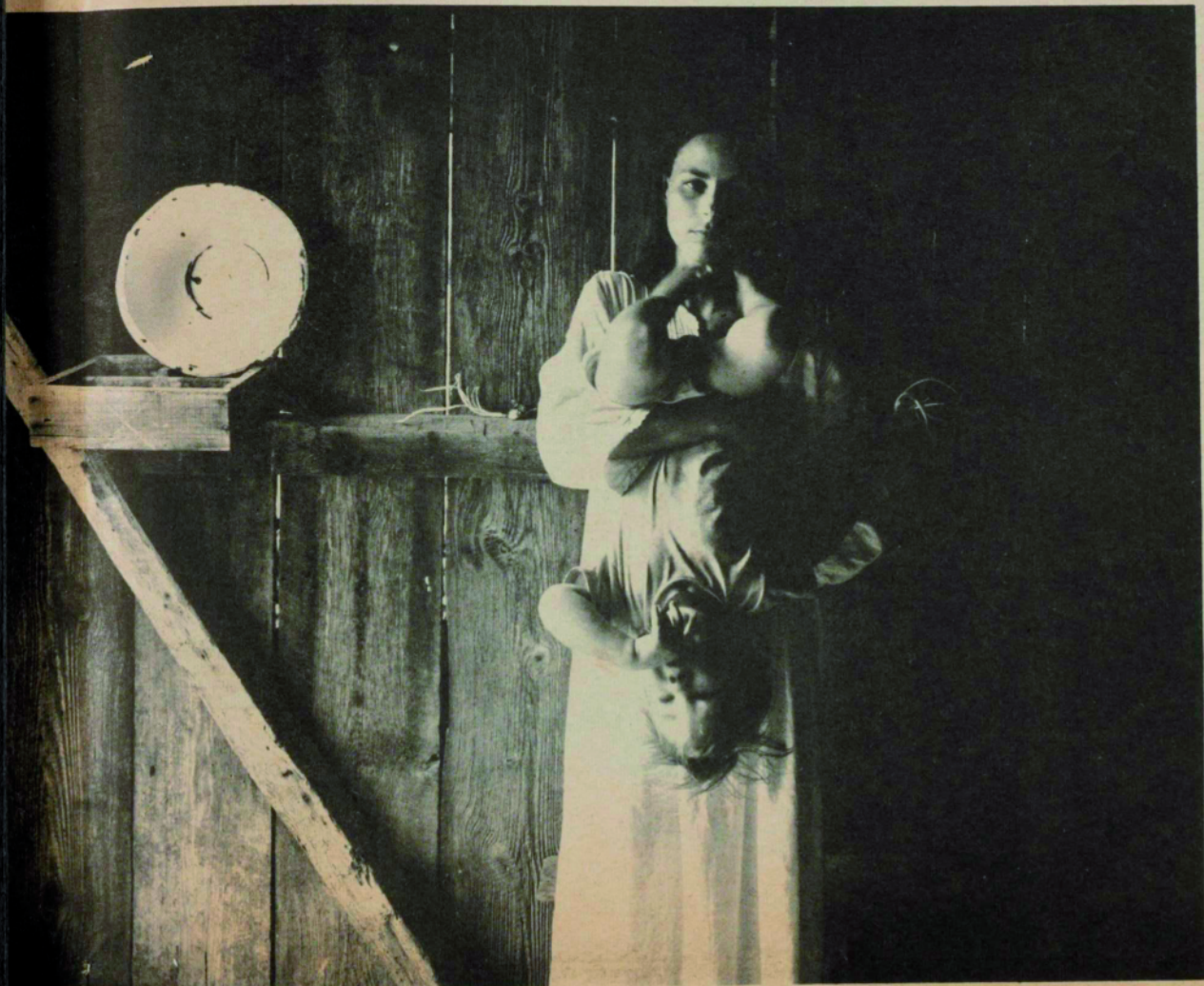
me remind you that most of the vegetables necessary for a family of four can be grown on a plot of forty by sixty feet. I think we might see in this an economic potential of considerable importance, since we now appear to be facing the possibility of widespread famine. How much food could be grown in the door-yards of cities and suburbs? How much could be grown along the extravagant rights-of-way of the Interstate system? Or how much could be grown, by the intensive practices and economics of the small farm, on so-called marginal lands? Louis Bromfield like to point out that the people of France survived crisis after crisis because they were a nation of gardeners, who in times of want turned with great skill to their own small plots of ground. And F.H. King, an agriculture professor who traveled extensively in the Orient in 1907, talked to a Chinese farmer who supported a family of twelve, "one donkey, one cow, . . . and two pigs on 2.5 acres of cultivated land"--and who did this, moreover, by agricultural methods that were sound enough organically to have maintained his land in prime fertility for several thousand years of such use. These are possibilities that are very readily apparent and attractive to minds that are prepared to think little. To Big Thinkers--the bureaucrats and businessmen of agriculture--they are quite simply invisible. But intensive, organic agriculture kept the farms of the Orient thriving for thousands of years, whereas extensive--which is to say, exploitive or extractive--agriculture has critically reduced the fertility of American farmlands in a few centuries or even a few decades.

A person who undertakes to grow a garden at home, by practices which will preserve rather than exploit the economy of the soil, has set his mind he will find to be rich in meaning and pleasure. But he is doing something else that is more important: he is making vital contact with the soil and the weather on which his life depends. He will no longer look upon rain as an impediment of traffic, or upon the sun as a holiday decoration. And his sense of man's dependence on the world will have grown precise enough, one would hope, to be politically clarifying and useful.

What I am saying is that if we apply our minds directly and competently to the needs of the earth, then we will have begun to make fundamental and very necessary changes in our minds. We will begin to understand and to mistrust and to change our wasteful economy, which markets not just the produce of the earth, but also the earth's ability to produce. We will see that beauty and utility are alike dependent upon the health of the world. But we will also see through the fads and the fashions of protest. We will see that war and oppression and pollution are not separate issues, but are aspects of the same issue. Amid the outcries for the liberation of this group or that, we will know that no person is free except in the freedom of other persons, and that man's only real freedom is to know and faithfully occupy his place--a much humbler place than we have been taught to think--in the order of creation. And we will know that of all issues in education the issue of relevance is the phoniest. If life were as predictable and small as the talkers of politics would have it, then relevance would be a consideration. But life is large and surprising and mysterious, and we don't know what we need to know. When I was a student I refused certain subjects because I thought they were irrelevant to the duties of a writer, and I have had to take them up, clumsily and late, to understand my duties as a man. What we need in education is not relevance, but abundance, variety, adventurousness, thoroughness. A student should suppose that he needs to learn everything he can, and he should suppose that he will need to know much more than he can learn.

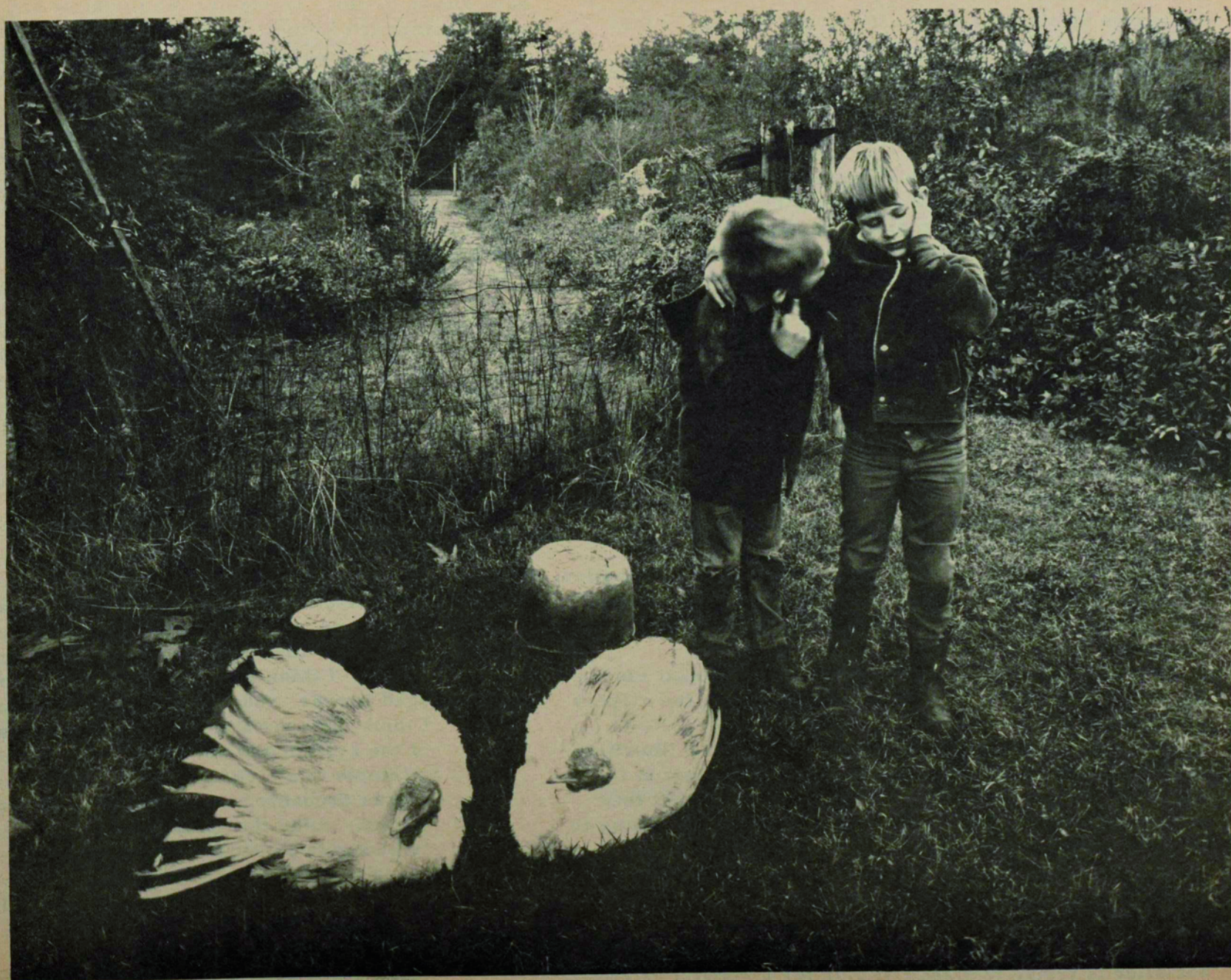
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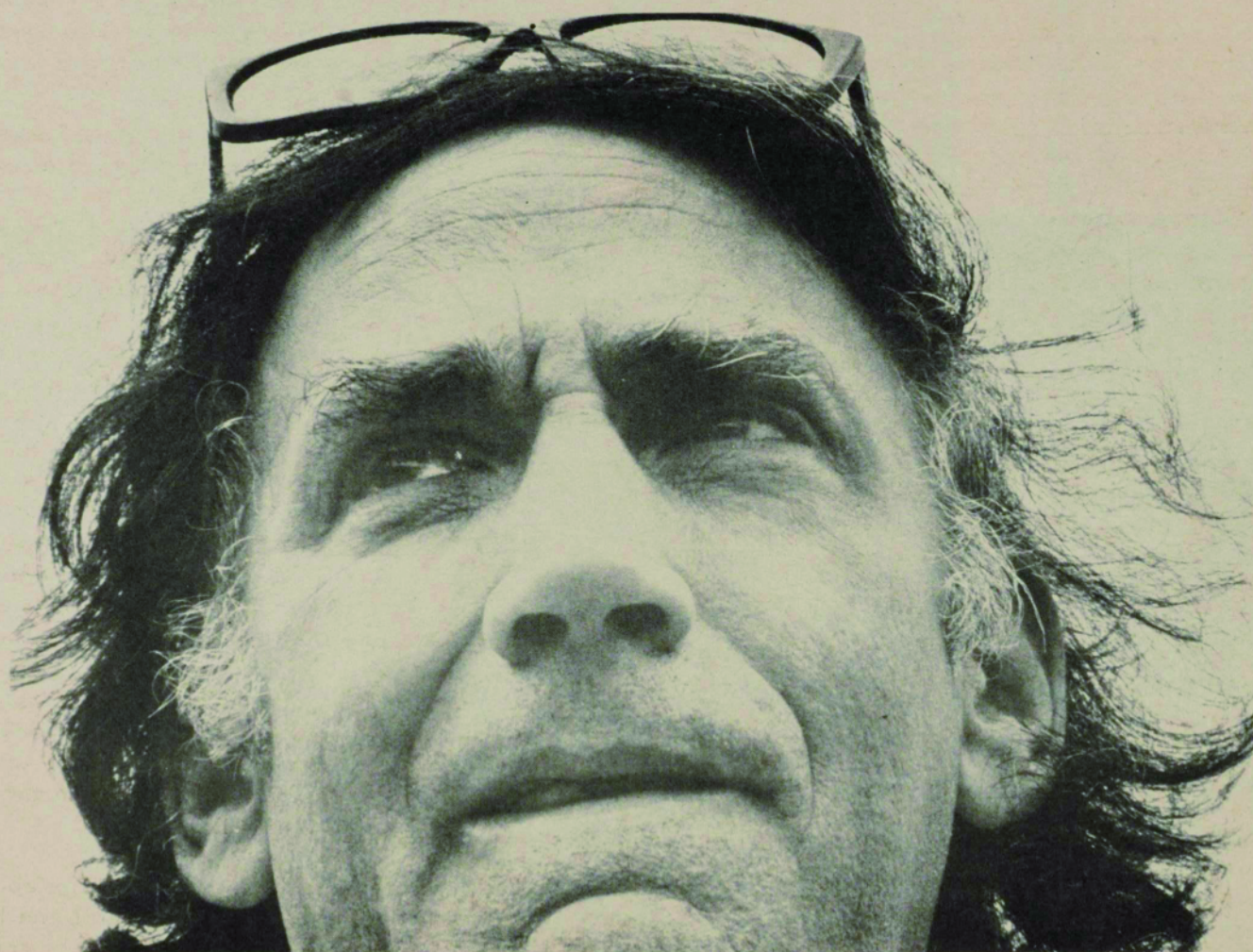


Emmett Gowen

teaches photography at the University of Dayton. Went to Rhode Island School of Design. Especially likes to photograph his wife, Edith, and his son, Elijah.



interview



Larry Kielkopf

WILLIAM KUNSTLER

Kunstler should know better. I mean, he's 50 years old. But up comes about a 15-year old blonde lass at 8 a.m. Sunday morning in the middle of Lexington's quaint Blue Grass Field wanting an autograph, and what does that ninny do? He signs the scrap of paper and then all of a sudden decides to return a little love and admiration of his own by planting a big old brother-sister (?) kiss on her surprised lips.

Why, he's old enough to be her father, by God. Au contraire. He's young enough to be her brother (lover?). In the mind.

This interview was originally going to be at his motel room sometime between his two speeches in Lexington -- to some 500 people outside of the University of Kentucky Student Center and to a black-tie dinner for UK law students at a Holiday Inn. (He made another speech in Kentucky two weeks later; he spoke to over 800 at the University of Louisville.) When we got to his room, he let us in and hopped back into bed from whence he came. Above him was some of that great Holiday Inn art -- a wall-paper rendition of Man-O-War. Honest.

We didn't have time enough to do the interview; Kunstler had to get into his black tie outfit for his attack on the Fayette County Bar (which had tried to pressure the law students responsible for Kunstler's talk into cancelling his appearance; the tactic was, "You'll be taking the bar exam pretty soon, won't you?")

"I won't wear it unless I've got a button," says Kunstler. A bit later Lou Colten turned up with a half dozen buttons, from which Kunstler selected a dapper black-on-white Resistance symbol.

The interview finally came off at seven the next morning -- in a car on the way to the airport and in the airport coffeeshop.

DAN TAYLOR, Louisville's well-known civil liberties lawyer (and one of the few in this area), took part in the interview. Taylor was flying with Kunstler so that they could talk -- movement lawyers don't have a lot of time to sit still. The two have been friends for a long time; "Bill and I worked on the Magna Carta for King John, until we found out we were on the wrong side." Yeah, and Dan was late. He took a wrong turn at the Abbey.

Kunstler is also Taylor's lawyer. The state bar association is trying to disbar Taylor for a number of rea-

sons, all of which amount to very little except that he is an outspoken and effective civil liberties lawyer

We began the interview talking about how Middle America sees Kunstler, how he's probably even more despised than some of the other Conspirators because he should have known better. Ironically, as Kunstler and Taylor were heading out to their plane, a straight-looking middle-aged man caught my eye and started shouting, "Hey, is that Kunstler? Is that Kunstler?" I said that it was and the man took off after him, pushing people out of the way in his rush. The immediate flash was to the day before when Kunstler was saying he thought he would probably be shot some day. But when this man reached Kunstler, he grabbed him and said, "Mr. Kunstler, keep up the good work. I'm behind you all the way." Kunstler warmly shook hands with the man, and was off.

GUY MENDES

btf: Middle America probably thinks you to be more evil than the rest of the Conspiracy 10 because you, a middle-aged lawyer, were disrespectful enough to shout at the judge. What led you to that? Was there a point at which you decided that normal decorum in the courtroom was not called for -- or was it more of a gradual process of realization?

Kunstler: I didn't go into that case thinking I was going to rip the courtroom apart. But one provocation led to another, and I reacted as a human being. I'm not so sure Middle America is so uptight about what they regard as disruption in the courtroom. I think when you said I was a middle-aged lawyer, you hit the nail on the head because I think the apostate, the man who appears to be of the system and yet deserts the system or even attempts to attack the system in a meaningful way is probably hated more than any other single person. Like the white Southerner who suddenly becomes pro-black, or at least wants to give black people a square deal -- this man has more problems than the professional civil libertarian who comes from the North and tries to upset the system. I think that's been true in all generations and I think it's especially true today.

btf: Well, was it just a gradual process of radicalization in the courtroom, or was there a certain point, such as the binding and gagging of Bobby Seale?

Kunstler: I think it was both. I think we began to sense early in the trial that we were going to be screwed in that courtroom and that it was going to be done without any savoir faire at all. Open, brutally, grossly. And then, I think, what triggered it after this realization began to grow, was the binding and gagging of Bobby. It was so much more than just the binding and chaining of a black man in a federal district court. I think that factor led to an acceleration of the feeling we'd had long before.

btf: What is your view right now, after this trial, of the American system of justice? There must be some more skepticism on your part, but you haven't totally given up on the system because you've obviously still working within it. Or is that just out of necessity?

Kunstler: I've always thought personally that the system is pretty good. I think Dan will agree with me that there's nothing wrong with juries, there's nothing wrong with judges and there's nothing wrong with a lot that goes on in the courtroom -- if it's fairly and impartially done, if judges were fair and square, if the courtroom wasn't an armed camp, if rules of evidence weren't read so strictly with discretion on the part of the judge against the defendant, and so on; if the bench wasn't filled with political hacks or men who bought their jobs, I think you could have some approximation of justice; if rich men and poor men had access to the same lawyers and there wasn't a disparity of legal representation, I would go with it, I would have no central objection. That's why I have to laugh when people say we were attacking the system. We were attacking the administration of the system, the use of what looks like fair rules in order to screw clients of a certain nature.

btf: What do you think the main thrust of the movement attorney will be in the future? A lot of lawyers think the test case, the law-making case, is a thing of the past and that the jury is going to be the important thing in the future . . .

Kunstler: I think a lot of work is going to be done -- I think Chicago maybe illustrated it -- on educating juries in the courtroom. I never realized myself, that in a political trial you could really work on jurors to the extent that the defendants did it in Chicago. The jurors ARE malleable -- you can win some over, if only because some admire the raw courage of defendants in the courtroom -- which can't be suppressed. I think that approach is better than the obsequious one, in which you are attempting to buy with your dignity the votes of the jurors.

btf: Is there a point at which you decide how to play it, whether you're going to play it straight or play it in the street?

Kunstler: I think you watch it and play it by ear. That's what was done in Chicago, there was no planning there.

Taylor: I've had a lot of experience with Bill and I know he wouldn't overstep his own integrity. We are, both of us, trial lawyers . . . but I wouldn't sell out and play their silly game when it was morally reprehensible to me, or where it was really destructive to the whole process. We don't condone a philosophical cop-out in the defense of a case, even though it might seem to be a road to instant success.

Kunstler: You have here two sides of the lawyer picture in the United States. I'm the nomadic kind of interstate lawyer; that's the way the chips fell as I developed. Dan does the infinitely more courageous thing because I go home when I'm finished, away from where . . .

btf: Yeah, that's been the main criticism of your type of lawyer in the past, that you fly in and

Kunstler: Right, I fly in and fly out; Dan stays and Bill Allison stays (Bill's a movement lawyer who's been doing a lot of work both in Lexington and other parts of the state). Lawyers throughout many of the states are staying in the areas where they have their roots -- and those are the guys taking the real brunt. If you look at all the disbarment proceedings of lawyers in the past five years, they're not of my type, they're of the guys like Tobias Simon in Florida, Dan Taylor in Kentucky, Phil Hershkoff in Virginia -- the guys in the home bailiwick. And they leave the itinerant lawyers alone, because they know his job depends on Dan Taylor's, because he can't work without the local man. The two together can make an awesome team but you take away one -- the most vulnerable one, the local man, then the itinerant man is through as well.

btf: Yesterday, you were talking about the importance of the Conspiracy trial and how it wasn't as important as Bobby Seale's trial or the Panther 21 trial, but that it was important because it was a trial of a life style . . .

Kunstler: I think it wasn't as important, in terms of the potential punishment that Seale faces. I'd be crazy if I said the death penalty was less important or less significant than five years in prison. Death penalty cases are ones that lawyers approach with great qualms, to put it mildly. I think the Conspiracy trial had a vital importance as to ways of defending yourself in political cases; it brought into question the whole sanctity of the judicial robe, the decorum in the courtroom. It raised all sorts of powerful issues on wiretapping and First Amendment rights, etcetera. But I didn't want it to overshadow cases in which guys are fighting for their lives, or cases in which movement people are fighting to stay out of jail for the rest of their lives.

btf: Do you think the recent Supreme Court decision concerning a defendant's rights in the courtroom had a direct relation to the Conspiracy trial?

Kunstler: Very much so. The Allen Case was a case that was decided because of two other cases. I think, as Justice Douglas pointed out in his concurring opinion, that was the wrong case to lay down a general rule. You had an irrational defendant who was not asserting a constitutional right in disrupting the courtroom, but was really off his rocker.

Taylor: The case wasn't on all fours with your situation.

Kunstler: Not at all. The defendant in the Allen case was a man whose defense in the criminal charge against him was insanity and who was probably insane. And yet they decided that case as if it were the Conspiracy case, or as if it were the Black Panther case in New York. And I think it'll have an unfortunate effect on our case.

btf: You were originally a straight, establishment lawyer and you went through some sort of radicalization process back in the civil rights era, right? And now, you say that a year ago you couldn't raise the clenched fist, but that now you can. Can you talk some about the changes you've gone through, especially in the last few months? I know you used to be criticised for not being radical enough, that you were a movement lawyer but that you weren't political enough.

Kunstler: Well, I went through kind of a natural progression. I started out as just a routine lawyer handling commercial cases. And then I had this great opportunity to represent the Freedom Riders in Mississippi. Then I became what I would call a civil libertarian, that is, a lawyer who thinks the system can cure all of its own ills, and who sees in the law, the method for doing that, and who gives little thought to whether the system is good, bad or indifferent. And then you pass through that stage to where you become an open enemy of the system. You see that the system is either trying to crush or inhibit people who have definite political ideas, whether they be to overthrow the government, to reform it, or to drastically overhaul it. They have political ideas they want to advance and the system is out to destroy them by the use of the system. I think you've got to -- at that point -- change your whole perspective and regard yourself as almost a double agent: you're of the system, but you're out to fight the system; not to use the system in the hopes that it can remedy all its ill, but to use the system, maybe for its own destruction. Or certainly for its drastic overhauling.

btf: Were there any particular instances that really acted as catalysts in your radicalization?

Kunstler: I think the Black Panther trial in New York -- I was originally chief counsel for the Panthers -- when the Black Panthers were beaten during that trial in 1968, when they were beaten in the courtroom while I was representing them . . .

btf: That was by off-duty policemen, wasn't it?

Kunstler: Right. But nothing was done about it. And then terrible bail was set; that furthered the thing. And then when I got into Chicago and went through the Conspiracy trial, I think that's all I needed; that was the last nail, not the first nail. After Chicago, I think I was quite a different man. I was radicalized and I know my wife was radicalized. I know that many people, not just students, were radicalized. Many establishment people, like Ramsey Clark -- he might not have been radicalized to the extent that others were, but Ramsey Clark was shaken by the Conspiracy trial. And that's why he is, in a sense, representing us as one of the brief writers in the amicus brief for bail and hopefully in the main brief on the contempt citations. That's why many establishment lawyers represent us, that's why many law professors represent us in the contempt proceedings. I think the radicalization extended on a very broad basis.

btf: What patterns of repression do you foresee coming down in the future and what are we going to do to combat them?

Kunstler: I can tell you one thing that's going to happen, the Smith Act is being revived. That is the act that makes it a crime to advocate the overthrow of the government of the United States.

There are grand juries now sitting to decide whether the Panthers are guilty of the Smith Act.

And then, as Dan mentions, the use of character committees, which are establishment committees which judge whether young men will be admitted to the bar, or whether to keep someone out because he's had a radical background. And there's the increased use of disciplinary proceedings against established lawyers, like Dan and others . . .

btf: What about Dan's case?

Kunstler: I feel that he is being attacked for what he's done in the area of the Movement and I think most people would agree with that if they've taken the trouble to read the record.

Taylor: And you've got to realize that Bill himself is under the highest possibility of punishment of any of us. We have a lot of Movement lawyers in trouble, but Bill's topped the whole bunch; suspension is one thing, but the actual jailing of lawyers is another.

btf: What do you think's going to happen? Jail? Disbarment?

Kunstler: Me personally? Well, I'm not sure if I'm going to be disciplined. I think my bar association may take the position that I got four years and thirteen days and that's pretty good punishment, and why look politically as if you're piling it on. Dan is fighting his disbarment like hell and I think he's on the verge of winning it. They've knocked it down to one year's suspension, and then he's won his hearing that the bar association must give him, an evidentiary hearing in the federal court as to whether they are using their power to persecute him for political reasons or legitimate ones.

I . . . I think I'll . . . I think I'll do some time. What will happen after I do time . . .

Taylor: Do you really, Bill?

Kunstler: Yeah, I think I'll do some time.

Taylor: Do you really?

Kunstler: Yeah, some time. I don't think they're going to reverse the convictions on the main charges against me . . .

Taylor: You're going to make a motion to get in a coeducational prison, aren't you?

Kunstler: Yeah, Mississippi seems to be the only state that permits conjugal visits, and I'd certainly be in favor of that. Or I'll find myself a nice, fat, cherub-of-a-bank robber. You know, a roly poly bank robber . . .

btf: Do you think that at some point the resistance is going to have to go underground completely, that it'll reach that point?

Taylor: No, I hope not, I hope no one goes underground. I realize why people like the weathermen, who have both barrels aimed at them, why they go underground. But I think going underground is not really a good Movement tactic; it's primarily to save yourself. We're not a fascist state yet and I don't think there's a need for people to go underground. There may come a time when it's the only way to operate, I just don't think it's now.

btf: What about violence as a tactic?

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New interest in an old crop

by HAROLD GAGE

Hemp in Kentucky? Well, yes. During the last half of the nineteenth century, before other states and fibers began to compete, the cultivation of hemp in Kentucky was an industry comparable in importance to what tobacco is now. Of course its cultivation then was neither as risky nor nearly as euphoric as growing it now is, and the industry was considerably lacking in imagination, which perhaps accounts for its subsequent decline; during those primitive times it was a legal crop, but instead of keeping the leaves as well as the stems, whose tough fibers made good rope, they kept the stems and threw away the leaves, which they considered useless.

The singular inefficiency of this is apparent when you consider the statistics. In 1850 the leaf from 40,000 tons of pot (about 80,000,000 lbs.) was discarded. The population of the United States was about 25,000,000 at that time, which means that roughly 3.2 lbs. of dope per person was wasted. Even setting aside the probable effects of that much dope on the civil war, the lack of foresight on the part of the industry is staggering.

Unfortunately, after the advent of cheap, imported jute, coupled with the rise of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau, the production of hemp went into a steep decline. Since 1937 cultivation of hemp in Kentucky, on an active basis, has dropped practically to nothing. Since the 1960's however, there has been a revival of interest in domestic hemp production, which perhaps accounts for the strange looking people you see studying Hemp in Ken-

tucky signs and photographing them. With the rise in the practice of cultivating the weed for its leaf, the domestic hemp industry has gained a new lease on life, despite government attempts at restrictive regulation.

Business practices aside, however, spring is here, and if you're interested and a little bit handy at gardening, you may be able to benefit from the heritage of a fine old crop. Or if you've spent the winter carefully saving the seed from each lid of grass you've used, now is the time to release their energy in earth and growth.

Already growing in states such as Kentucky, Nebraska, and Kansas (I read somewhere that last year an estimated 53,000 acres of hemp grew wild in Kansas) grass is an annual crop that needs you to go out there and commune with it. Although the quality of this weed is somewhat inferior to the best Mexican and Vietnamese stuff, it is, I can assure you, well worth the effort and even if you don't spot any, the countryside is in full bloom now. Of course, You shouldn't actually, intentionally, hunt for it. If you do that you not only probably won't find it, you'll miss the beauty of the surroundings, too. But if you go out and get into the country, dig the farm buildings, animals, flowers, stone fences, and hillsides, the hemp, good-natured, flamboyant weed that it is, will playfully wave at you as you go by;

Blithe of heart, for week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek.

The reward of seeing it "fluttering and dancing in the breeze" is practically

enough by itself, but an even greater reward awaits if you're patient enough to wait until after it blooms to begin your harvesting. Then the resin production important to its protection from heat, and fundamental to the "peculiar spell" it produces, is complete.

One vital thing to remember is that pot is an "annual." This simply means that it has to be planted from seed each year. Although the plant hasn't been cultivated on a large scale for a long time in the U.S. it has survived by reseeding itself annually from the seed dropped by the female plants. It will continue to grow wild this way only if you are considerate enough to leave some seed bearing plants standing in each location you harvest in the fall. This is another good reason why you should let the plant reach maturity before harvesting it. Then you can pick the plants that are "bursting with ripeness to the core" and leave behind some seed plants so that, from year to year, as "long as the sun sets," there will be more.

If, however, you're not in a situation that makes it easy or safe to look for it, perhaps you should try growing it. Remember,

When that Aprill with his shoures
soote

The droughte of March hath perced
to the roote,

then its time to start the plant communing with sun and earth. Take the seed you've kept warm and safe and let them bathe overnight in water you've warmed in the sun. This will soften the hard, dry shell of the seed and quicken its speck of life. In the morning, take

each seed and bury it thumbnail deep in dark, softly packed top-soil. If you use peatpots work three or four seeds into each pot, or if you use flats or bowls or pans, scatter the seed so that they fall and are embedded in little areas about half the size of a full-grown plum. Water them a little each day and let them stand all day in the sun. If you do, and you have good seed, you should begin to see tiny green shoots in about a week or ten days, or perhaps even sooner.

After the plant sends out its first leaves, or when it grows about as high as the width of the palm of a full-grown male hand, or higher, then put it into the ground. If you've used peatpots you can set pot and all into the ground. If you haven't, use a teaspoon to lift each plant and put it into the ground with the little ball of earth surrounding its roots.

If your home isn't a safe and benign place for starting plants, however, or if you don't have the inclination to while away the hours over this process, lovingly, then simply take your seeds to the country and plant them there now that the sun has drawn the chill from the earth. You should loosen the soil a little, if you can, and set the seeds out in little groups of three or four, each group spaced about the length of your foot from the others.

You should choose your planting ground with care. The weed needs protection not only from the human "predators" we all know about, but from animals and other plants, too.

To a cow or horse it's just grass, like everything else, and while the plant is usually vigorous, it doesn't do well with other tall-growing weeds, competition being basically foreign to its nature. Generally, pot likes rich, moist, well-drained ground to grow in to its fullest development, and for the production of resin it needs as much sunlight and heat as nature can supply. Pick a spot where the sun shines all day long, one protected from summer winds, too.

Of course you should pick a spot that doesn't call attention to itself too readily, one you can get to but one that isn't too obvious. The less it looks like a garden, the more it blends in with its wild surroundings, the safer it will be. Remember, the heat is good for it but "heat" isn't. That goes for you, too; it's better to look like a tourist than like a gardener. Probably the best thing we can do to protect ourselves is to take care of each other; don't spoil the fun by harvesting someone else's garden.

Once the plant is in the ground there's very little tending necessary. Pot is basically a hardy weed, and if it survives being transplanted all right it should be able to get along without you. If may want some watering the first week or so after you transplant it, but too much water, particularly later in the growing season, is supposed to be bad for resin production.

Different people go about harvesting it in different ways. Some people

top the plant (cut off the top eighteen inches or so) before it blooms, but according to one reliable account I've read this is cutting off your nose to spite your face; it's evidently better to wait until after the plant has bloomed, if you are going to top it, because then you get the full benefit of the resin production that goes into protecting the tender blooms.

Again, some people simply strip the leaves from the plant and bring them home to dry in the attic or the oven. Others prefer to cut off the whole plant, stem and all. This is particularly preferable if you are going to dry it slowly in your attic; while transporting it this way is rather bulky and awkward (and of course, more prone to attract attention), drying it on the stem, slowly, seems to work better than drying it in the oven. Dried slowly, until the leaves crumble readily between your finders, it seems to have more staying power than it does when dried quickly in the oven, even though that produces more immediate results.

Then of course, comes the big moment. Once it's dried it's ready to consume . . . , and although the plant will never do quite as well in a humid climate as it does in a dry one, if you've chosen your spot carefully and its hot enough long enough this summer, and you're patient enough to let it grow til seed time, you should spend the winter "drows'd with the fume" of your summer's labor.

Think Little

continued from page 9

But the change of mind I am talking about involves not just a change of knowledge, but also a change of attitude toward our essential ignorance, a change in our bearing in the face of mystery. The principle of ecology, if we will take it to heart, keep us aware that our lives depend upon other lives and upon processes and energies in an interlocking system which, though we can destroy it completely,

we can neither fully understand nor fully control. And our great dangerousness is that, locked in our selfish and myopic economics, we have been willing to change or destroy far beyond our power to understand. We are not humble enough or reverent enough.

Some time ago I heard a representative of a paper company refer to conservation as a "no-return investment." This man's thinking was almost exclusively oriented to the annual profit of his industry. Circumscribed by the demand that that profit be great, he simply could not be answerable to any other demand--not even to the fairly obvious needs of his own children. The principle of profit applies only to individuals; a man willing to be governed by it has abdicated, not the duty, but the ability to look beyond himself.

Consider, in contrast, the profound ecological intelligence of Black Elk, "a holy man of the Oglala Sioux," who in telling his story said that it was not his own life that was important to him, but what he had shared with all life:

It is the story of all life that is holy and it is good to tell, and of us two-leggeds and the wings of the air and all green things. . .

And in the great vision that came to him when he was a child he says:

"I saw that the sacred hoop of my people was one of many hoops that made one circle, wide as daylight and as starlight, and in the center grew one mighty flowering tree to shelter all the children of one mother and father. And I saw that it was holy."

POEM FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS

*The ouija handed me its pointu verdict
Like a stick of belladonna chewing-aum*

*Don't make plans for your
25th birthday party*

*Probably OD in some dim
Checkerboard hotel, needle*

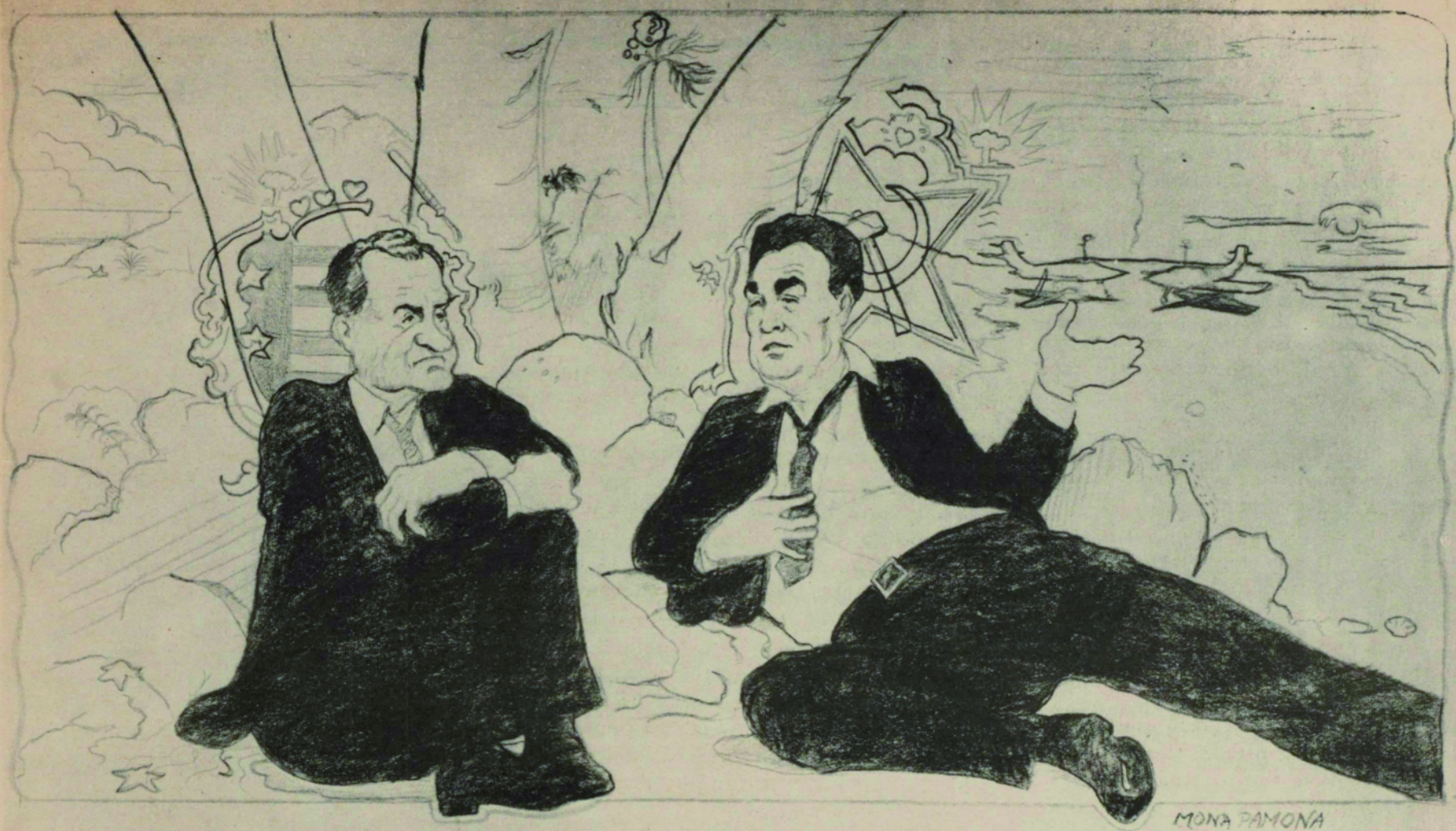
*Hanging out of your arm, and the blinking
Neon light revealing a farewell note written*

On a confederate dollar bill

Four more years left. One more Civil War

And all of those battles to lose.

BRUCE ROGERS



By BUCKY YOUNG

If one had been standing recently on the shore of an obscure islet basking somewhere in a lonely stretch of the South Pacific, he would have been able to see two dark specks approaching from opposite sides out of the otherwise clear blue sky. But the odds are one wouldn't have been standing on the shore of the islet because it is uninhabited and far from the nearest human settlements.

The specks would have eventually proved to be strangely silent aircraft. They weren't gliders; they were highly sophisticated wonders of technology. They didn't even require pilots because their courses were pre-programed.

Inside one of them was the man who had instigated their development, the President of the United States of America. The other carried the only other person in the world (besides the few trusted technicians who had developed the crafts) who even knew of their existence: Leonid Brezhnev, party secretary of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. They were coming for the most sekrit high level meeting the world never saw.

Nixon's plane arrived first and hovered automatically to a soft landing on the beach. Moments later Brezhnev's craft followed suit. The two heads of state exchanged grave handshakes and began talking in earnest as they proceeded toward a clump of rocks located conveniently in the shade of a clump of palm trees.

"You said there was something very important you wanted to discuss with me," Brezhnev said, looking a bit askance at some curious substance smeared around Nixon's mouth.

"Yes, I want to talk to you about dissent," Nixon said, noting Brezhnev's odd expression and self-consciously wiping away the cottage

cheese and ketchup from his mouth with a sleeve.

"Dissent?"

"Yes, the protestors and rioters. After all, you would find them much less reasonable to deal with than me, so I was hoping you could give me some pointers. It's kind of getting out of hand and I need advice from someone who knows about that sort of thing."

THE MOST SEKRIT HIGH LEVEL MEETING THE WORLD NEVER SAW

"Well, what we usually do is call them 'capitalists' or 'revisionists' and lock them up. I suppose if I were in America I would call them 'communist' and lock them up."

"But you have to be more subtle about it in America because they have all these weird things about free speech and free press and everything . . ."

"Oh, yes, the bourgeois bill of rights. That can be rather pesky, can't it? In the Soviet Union we have this useful concept called dictatorship of the proletariat. We just call ourselves the proletariat and dictate. It's quite simple. I know you

couldn't use that exactly, but it shouldn't be too difficult to come up with something similar that would serve the purpose . . . Hmmm, how about this: The Mandate of the Silent Majority . . ."

"Hey, I kind of like that. But what do I do with it?"

"You just lock yourself up away from everyone so they can't ask any questions or anything and issue whatever proclamations you want. If anyone speaks up about it, they obviously aren't members of the Silent Majority so you proclaim them into oblivion, too. See?"

"Yeeaah . . . sounds great. I had no idea it could be that simple and neat. Thanks a million!"

"Think nothing of it. But, tell me, why did you ask me?"

"Because you're so good at handling dissent and stuff . . . but then again, I guess you don't really have all that much dissent to handle."

"What do you mean, we 'don't have much dissent to handle'? We've got intellectuals always trying to sign petitions and writers leaving the country . . ."

"But we've got college students taking over buildings and throwing rocks and urine at cops!"

"That's nothing compared to what we had in Czechoslovakia. These long-haired bastards were standing up to our tanks in the streets and even setting themselves on fire."

"We've got 'em in California that will stand up to helicopters spraying 'em with all kinds of gas and we've even gone after them with shotguns. And then we've even got some in court that will call a judge a pig -- over nationwide television."

"Well, we've got dissent at the highest levels. There's talk all the time about plotting in the top ranks.

You never know who's going to be after your neck next."

"Yes, but you don't have Supreme Court justices endorsing revolution. And even in my own cabinet -- I'm considering changing my Interior..."

"You say you're remodeling the White House? That's a coincidence; we starting remodeling the Kremlin last week -- before you did. We're decorating in, er, Americana. We thought it would be a nice gesture. What are you doing?"

"Oh, a Russian motif. We thought it would be nice, too. But we started two weeks ago. We'll have to have you over for an official visit sometime in the near future."

"I was planning to invite you. You could come next week. We don't have anything to hide."

"No, I insist..."

"Well, we can settle that later but right now I have to go to the Motherland to finish some urgent business. Remember to declare the mandate and then keep inside."

"Right. Be seeing you."

Both rushed to their planes and immediately grabbed their special microphones which cleverly translated verbal communication into Swahili pig latin to be relayed to special receivers in the respective countries. Nixon issued a top-priority command that the White House be immediately redone along a Russian theme, and Brezhnev ordered the Kremlin refurbished the American way.

Then they punched their return flight buttons and settled back for their long rides. Nixon happily contemplated his new Southern (Pacific) Strategy and Brezhnev thought to himself that he would do well to follow his own advice now that he had gone to the trouble of articulating it so precisely.

At last Nixon's plane approached the Bat Cave-like entrance that was the only childhood fantasy he had allowed himself to indulge. The plane swooped through the automatically controlled doors under the cover of darkness. The president disembarked and happily leaped up the stairs that led directly to his personal quarters through another cleverly concealed sekrit entrance. Brezhnev was going

through approximately the same procedures.

Home again. Nixon switched on the light and found that we wasn't home after all. Everything seemed so... so Russian. Then he remembered his top-priority order and marvelled at how fast the work had been completed. The first thing he did was to lock the door to his quarters from the inside. Then he sat down and wrote:

"I hereby implement the Mandate of the Silent Majority. I will issue the Majority's commands from my quarters and do not want to be disturbed by anyone for a period of however long I choose. I will accept no phone calls. Any communication with me is to be written on a piece of paper and slipped underneath the door."

He read his proclamation over to himself and smiled his satisfaction. He slipped the note underneath the door and went to bed. Brezhnev did roughly the same.

The next morning Nixon awoke to find a note on his side of the door. It was written in Russian. He accepted the joke in good humor and returned a message of his own:

"Despite the Russian decor, we will communicate in English."

Brezhnev experienced the joke in reverse and wrote a reply in the same vein.

Later, Nixon received a cryptic communique saying, "The students at the University of Moscow are signing petitions demanding freedom of speech. Alexi."

"Hmmm," thought Nixon, warming up to this new game. "That must be Spiro pulling his idea of a joke. Sometimes he gets to be a bit much for even me to put up with. Let's see, I guess the students at 'moscow' would be the Berkeley bastards. The free speech demands seem pretty tame compared to some of the shit they've been pulling, but I might as well crack down starting now."

He wrote: Put them in jail."

Meanwhile, Brezhnev received a curious memo to the effect that buildings at seven universities across the country were being occupied by

students and there were riots in three cities.

This was outrageous. They wouldn't dare. Not in Russia. Of course, he had just been telling Dick about how bad things were getting...

"Put them all in jail," he wrote.

Things went on that way for about three weeks. Each manifestation of dissent was handled with a "Put them all in jail" note, followed by more outbreaks and more notes. Then one day Nixon received a different kind of memo:

"I know you are preoccupied with other things, but you did issue an order that the Kremlin be remodeled in American decor as soon as possible. The workmen are finished everywhere but your quarters and are waiting to hear what to do."

Now, THIS was strange. For the first time since he had returned from the Pacific, Nixon parted the drapes and looked outside. He was aghast! He was in the Kremlin! Not Washington, D.C. But how? The island! He had gotten in the wrong plane! But that meant...

As quickly as possible, he got on the "hot line" and called Washington. Brezhnev's voice answered at the other end.

"Have you looked outside since you got back from the island?" Nixon asked.

"No, why?"

"Well, you're in Washington and I'm in Moscow. We got in the wrong planes!"

"Incredible!"

"Well, go look for yourself..."

... (footsteps and an audible gasp) "You're right. Oh, my god! What have you done to my Russia?" "Nothing. I just found out about this myself. Look, let's make a deal. If you'll give me my country back, I'll give you yours. I'm sure we'd both be much more at home that way."

"Okay. I'll meet you at the island as soon as possible."

When they arrived, the two men hurriedly traded planes -- even Nixon's face was a little red. Then they winged to their respective countries and each took up where the other had left off, the world none the wiser to their private faux pas.

Kunstler

Kunstler: I don't condone violence as a tactic today; I don't think it does any good and it just makes kamikazes out of movement people. It can't affect the system and therefore I think it's a bad tactic. But that doesn't mean I'll always think that way. I know there are many times when violence is a good tactic and does have an effect on the system. But I don't think now is that time and I hope it doesn't come to ever being that time. I'm not against violence on a philosophical level, but on a tactical level.

I also think that the word "violence" is used by the system when it takes in picayune things like breaking of windows, overturning of cars, and even burning a branch bank in Santa Barbara, to give a coloration to the movement that the system desires the public to have -- that it is composed of a lot of lunatics who want nothing more than the good times of

trashing around. If you're going to condemn that kind of violence then you're going to have to proportionately condemn the violence committed by the United States abroad, such as in South Vietnam, Laos, and Guatemala and so on, and not just confine it to a few broken windows. Which are, after all, really the result of frustration and bitterness engendered by the system for generations.

btf: Where does the Conspiracy go from here?

Kunstler: Well, I think the Conspiracy is a growing thing. There really was no conspiracy before the indictment came down, but as soon as it did, the Conspiracy was born... I hope we get many conspirators, millions of conspirators, all willing to take a role in trying to keep abreast of evil. That sounds very religious and maybe it is, but it's a religious struggle... The establishment would never believe that.

books

by RALPH BROWN

Points of Rebellion by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas; Vintage Books, \$4.95 hardback, \$1.95 paper (smaller and easier to pocket).

Do It! by Jerry Rubin, Introduction by Eldridge Cleaver, Graphics by Quentin Fiore; Simon and Schuster, \$2.45 or a very simple little rip-off.

Justice Douglas' book is very short, almost totally devoid of anyone's rhetoric, carefully organized and painfully clear and to the point.

He deals first with how America views dissent and it is clear to him that the raising of voices of dissent has created a climate of insecurity both in this country and in other places around the world. The young are involved in making a revolution and he sees that the "goal of their revolution is not to destroy the regime of technology. It is to make the existing system more human, to make the machine subservient to man, to allow for the flowering of a society where all the idiosyncrasies of man can be honored and respected."

It is nice, somehow, to feel understood even though the linear-distancing effect of print by a Supreme Court Justice. Perhaps Douglas can understand because he has been a non-conformist (or so my lawyer friends tell me) for his entire career.

It would be easier for him to look at the surfaced ripples in rocked-boat America with a little less prejudiced eye; he can then see and is unafraid to state that: "the dissent we witness is a reaffirmation of faith in man; it is protest against living under rules and prejudices and attitudes that produce the extremes of wealth and poverty and that make us dedicated to the destruction of people through arms, bombs, and gases, and that prepare us to think alike and be submissive objects for the regime of the computer."

In the second section of the book he analyzes the legions of dissent. He deals here with what might be called the "Fourth World:" the urban poor who are surrounded with affluence yet morally bankrupt suburban America; the rural poor, educationally disadvantaged, who see the Madison Avenue version of the Great American Norm in commercials for automobiles and color televisions; the student (an amalgam of the two) who hasn't yet bought his way into the society which he studies and who may be as poor as his brothers in the Project, Pralltown, the Bottoms, Keen, Troy, Harlan, or Muldraugh. These are the people who are raising their voices in protest, calling for revolutionary changes in our institutions.

Yet, as Douglas notes, "the powers-that-be faintly echo Adolf Hitler, who said in 1932: 'The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order.'"

I disagree with Justice Douglas over his use of word "faintly" in his preface to the quotation taken from Hitler's speech. When I compare the public statements of Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the pre-election-campaign-trail-Nixon with Hitler's I find not a "faint echo" but a frightening identity.

The third section, "A start toward restructuring our society" concerns itself with what Douglas sees as the two most immediately vital problem areas: real-locating our national resources and creating some control or surveillance over key administrative agencies. The point which he makes most clearly here is that in these areas there are many people who are powerless and who have real grievances which have gone unredressed. He comments: "George III was the symbol against which our Founders made a revolution now considered bright and glorious. George III had not crossed the seas to fasten a foreign yoke on us. George III and his dynasty had established and nurtured us and all that he did was by no means oppressive. But a vast restructuring of laws and institutions was necessary if the people were to be content. That restructuring was not forthcoming and there was revolution. We must realize that today's establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

The key phrase is "honored in tradition" for as he points out in another place, "violence has no constitutional sanction; and every government from the beginning has moved against it." Shall we, then, attempt to adhere to the forms (the laws, the Constitution) which our founders established or shall we, following in their footsteps (do as I do, not as I say), pay homage to their traditions? The final all-American thought which sticks in the mind is that "violence may be the only effective response."

Jerry Rubin, about 44 years younger than Douglas, is no longer talking about the "points of rebellion." For Rubin the task at hand is making revolution and thus the title of his book. Cleaver's introduction is excellent and Fiore's graphics make, to a large extent, the impact of the book. Rubin begins with an autobiography ("a child of Amerika") followed by "FUCK AMERIKA." The last two-page spread is "APOCALYPSE." The meat of what is between is Rubin's rap on Revolution (here it is "the Revolution" instead of Douglas' "revolution.")

My response to Rubin: FUCK AMERIKA yes, yes in the two senses of the word. The love/hate essence is here: "FUCK YOU AMERIKA, YOU PIG-WHORE"/"LOVE OF COUNTRY"—both are equally real, the Freudian ambiguity of our culture. I feel both ways about Amerika/America, their country/my country, Freedom (qualified, qualified)/FREEDOM! The question which *Do It!* rubs in, insists on your asking is: What am I up to, for God's sake, for my sake, for the sake of my country, my people, my fucking hedonistic soul? And I suppose that like a lot of other people who want their revolution pre-packaged and doctrinaire, I've been talking about doing it for too long. It occurs to me while reading *Do It!* ... that all the marxist stuff which I have sworn by and rapped on and on about (usually preceded by "as soon as I get it together ...") comes out of the crazy heat of moving toward APOCALYPSE.

... that the marxists (like the old line Boston tea party Anarchists) didn't really finish the job they set out to do.

... that nearly everybody I know has been "getting it together" for as long as I've known them.

... that Rubin is beautifully, shrewdly, divinely CRAZY like the Lone Ranger

Approaches to revolution

(who still lives in the hears of his countrymen); was there ever another white dude—with all those far-out clothes and silver bullets. *too!*—who shot it out for justice instead of law n' order?

... that we *are* all outlaws in the eys of Amerika. We didn't (and don't) choose to be desperadoes but had it forced on us by "My country right or wrong," "Amerika love it or leave it," "Bomb Hanoi," by words like "peace queer," "nigger," "love hippie," "wop" "kike," and others equally beloved by the fatherland or the UncleSamLand! We are outlaws because, though crazy by "their" standards, by our own standards we are very proud of ourselves for being uppity, for being beautiful, for being stoned, and for being mean MOTHERFUCKERS when we're pissed.

Rubin is right: it is the time for revolution-making ... for our kind of revolution because the PIG-NATION is prepared to *fight* their kind and our kind can't be fought against; besides fucking in trees and laughing at pigs is fun. It is the time for violent revolution but then

violence is a pretty subjective word; pick out your own favorite form of revolution, quit talking about it and get it on!

In every stage of these oppressions we, the people of the United States, have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms—the civil rights sit-ins, the anti-war petitions, the marches on the pentagon, referendums, peaceful demonstrations, attempts to awaken the dead soul of middle Amerika. Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury ... "When a long train of abuses and usurpations evinces a design to oppress, to reduce to tyranny and despotism, it is the right, it is the duty of the people to throw off such government and provide new guards for their future security." If I/you/we do not make revolution then PIG-AMERIKA has won and we had better start petitions to "please let us keep our rock music, our groovy clothes, our long hair, our funny cigarettes, pretty please?"

Ps: Jerry Rubin doesn't really say all of these things in his book. I said some of them.

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PHOTOS
840 EAST HIGH PH. 266-6903

Hey kids! Big Louie down at the store (157 s. limestone) wants you to draw your own advertisement, so pull out your crayons and have a "boss" time.

A group of ten people from Knoxville passed through Lexington recently, on their way to Canada. They have about 20 acres of land up there which they hope to settle and turn into a stopping place for visitors, newly landed immigrants or deserters. If anyone can help with contributions, please contact John Crump at 465 Woodland Avenue in Lexington.



Peter Solt 31/12/70